

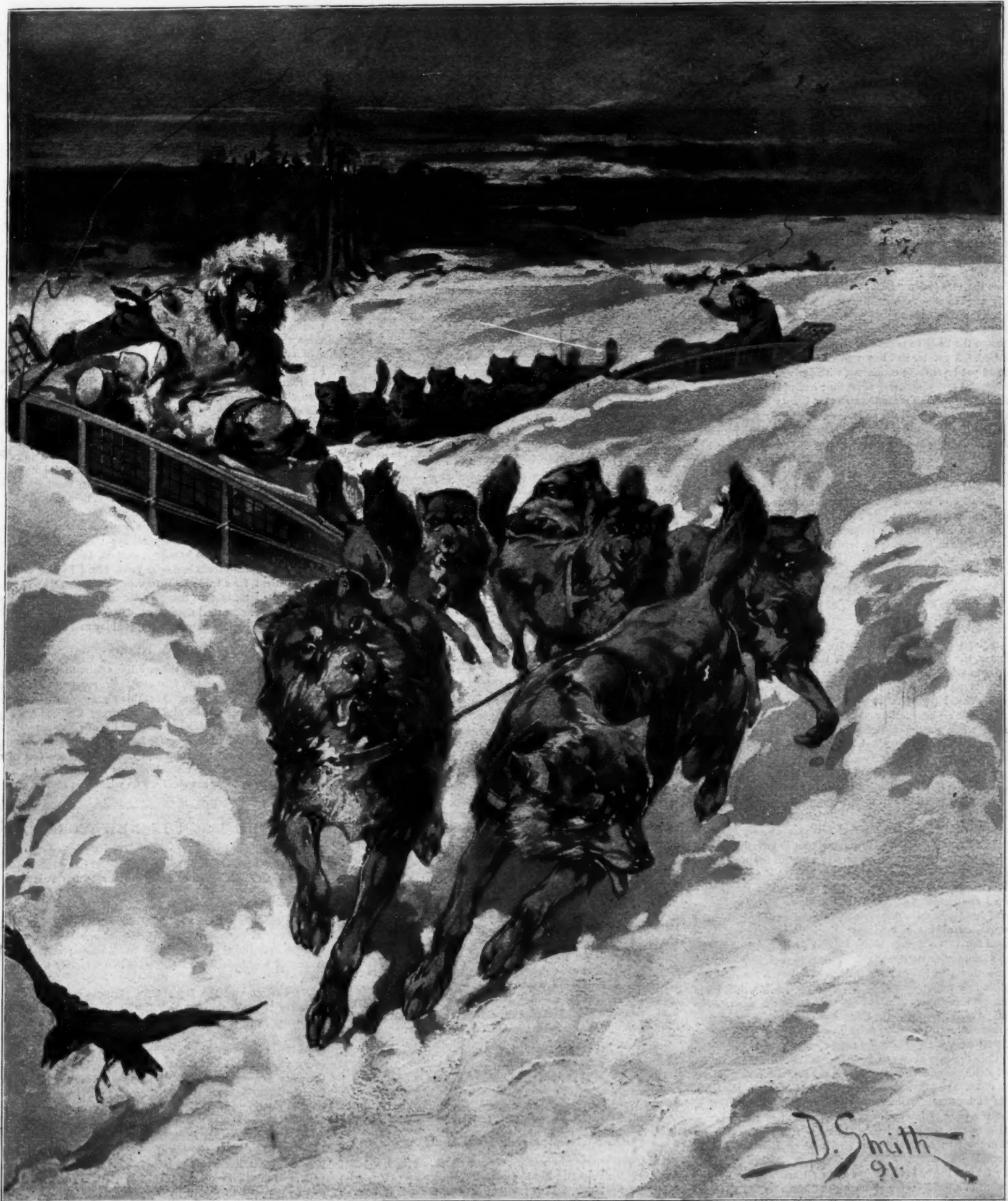
FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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OUR ALASKA EXPEDITION.—THE SLEDGE JOURNEY OF THE EXPLORERS—A BIT OF SMOOTH TRAVELING.—[SEE PAGE 138.]

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 3, 1891.

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IMPORTANT TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be glad to receive from photographers and artists in all parts of the country photographs and sketches of persons, objects, and events of interest; and for such as may be used satisfactory compensation will be made. To save time, photographs can be sent unmounted.

THE leading editorial contribution in the next number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will be furnished by Mr. Edward Atkinson, and will treat of the enormous harvests of the year and their influence upon the national prosperity. This issue of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will be, in a sense, a harvest number. It will illustrate harvest scenes in Washington, and will also contain copious pictures of the recent remarkable harvest festival at Minneapolis, in which the progress of the Northwest was strikingly exemplified.

HOW TO GET THIN.

BEFORE attempting to answer the question, How to get thin? let us first seek the solution of one equally interesting—Why do people get fat? Shakespeare tells us there are those "who think the worse of fat men"; and besides the "corporeal sufferance" the corpulent are frequently the "jest of the world."

Now the expression "fat" is altogether relative and, as frequently used, implies nothing disagreeable but rather a condition to be sought. To have the adipose tissue evenly distributed in the sub-cutaneous tissue, thus giving those graceful curves and outlines to the body so necessary for a perfect form, is much to be desired. A greater and less uniform distribution of fat may exist and yet be entirely consistent with perfect health, activity of movement and comeliness of person; and even should the deposition of fat increase somewhat, so that beauty of form is to a certain extent sacrificed, yet so long as the bodily functions, all fitly adjusted, act harmoniously, it is worse than folly to radically reverse nature's processes and by drugs and otherwise sacrifice, as so many have done, a good degree of health for a little less girth of waist.

But when the adipose tissue, which ought to form about one-twentieth part of the weight of a man and one-sixteenth of a woman, so increases as to interfere with the proper activity of the functional life, rendering respiration less free and, from inability to exercise, increasing the tendency to disordered nutrition, perverted assimilation, of which the obesity is the outward and visible sign, then we have actual disease to deal with and active interference may be imperatively demanded.

Why do people get fat? In many cases because they cannot help it, just as in other cases persons keep thin because they cannot help it. If it is not in the genes to be thin, the fat man must, under the ordinary conditions of his life, remain fat, and, per contra, the thin man must remain thin. And yet there are certain self-evident, determining causes of obesity and the first of these is an excess of the respiratory or non-nitrogenous elements of food (hydro-carbons). Nitrogenous food, of which meats are the representatives, is best fitted for the nourishment of tissue, while the hydro-carbons, the respiratory elements of food, best represented by bread, potatoes, peas, milk and fats, undergo combustion in the body and maintain animal warmth.

An interesting illustration of the influence of the respiratory elements of food in fat production is observed in the case of bees. When fed on purified sugar they make wax (which belongs to the fats) very fast. Bees fed on bread exclusively become enormously fat and it is a matter of common observation that negroes on sugar plantations grow rapidly fat in crop time, when they eat liberally of the cane. There is a sect of Brahmins who pride themselves on their obesity, whose diet consists entirely of farinaceous vegetables. If oxidation is perfect, these respiratory elements are completely burned up in the system and the deposition of fats takes place only to a limited degree; but if through any cause, as excess of food and deficiency of exercise, these elements fail to be converted into carbonic acid and water, an undue amount of fat is deposited. Deficient muscular activity, by diminishing the amount of oxidation of tissue, favors obesity, and since as a rule the stouter person the less capable he is of exercise, these two conditions react one upon the other to the advantage of fat production. Excessive obesity is undoubtedly to be regarded as a serious condition.

The fat man, without any apparent cause, is more often indisposed than the thin man, and his frequent ailments must be regarded simply as mal-nutrition of the tissues, the result of the excess of fat. The thick layers of adipose tissue are bad conductors of heat and, by interfering with compensatory radiation, deprive the body of the power of self-regulation of temperature. For this reason congestive conditions are far more readily induced in the fat than in the thin man and take on a far more unfavorable course.

The fat and flabby beer-drinker is, to all appearances, in the enjoyment of a good degree of health but in reality his vital endurance is astonishingly slight. To resist this tendency to obesity, and especially if the influences of heredity are in that direction, demands no little self-control. The appetite is a capricious

master, and too frequently calls for more food than is needed for the proper nourishment of the system; and when to this are added the allurements of the skilled cook, whose rich and tempting viands whip up the appetite to still greater activity, the temptations of the table become increasingly hard to resist.

Among *bon vivants*, as years advance and appetite decays, "the mistress gives way to the cook and the skill of the latter, like the charm of the former, is fraught with an element of danger to the owner." But in case the evil day has come and a person is fat, how shall he get thin? This is no easy question to answer, and there is no absolutely certain and royal road to its accomplishment; but that great good will often come through exercise, the observance of certain rules of diet and hygiene and, to a certain limited extent, through the administration of drugs, cannot be denied. It is, indeed, more easy to devise methods than to carry them out.

The majority are not noted for self-denial or fixedness of purpose and therefore one is far more likely to follow out a given plan if he subjects himself to the regimen and spare diet so rigidly enforced at various spas, such as Carlsbad, Ems, and others that might be named. To attempt to greatly reduce one's flesh requires the greatest care and discretion, for by an indiscriminate deviation from the rules approved by nature and scientific research, much harm may result. Serious disorder of the nervous system, impaired digestion, etc., is no infrequent accompaniment of an ill-advised dietary. Notwithstanding the great inconvenience occasioned by too much fat, it must be clearly understood that fat is one of the most important elements of nerve tissue itself and in cases of nervous exhaustion this element, in the form of oils, is often of the greatest service.

Rude attempts, therefore, to eliminate fat from the system by the starvation process cannot fail to be more or less felt in the nervous system, and, where certain idiosyncrasies existed, have been followed by the most disastrous results. When, therefore, in attempting to reduce flesh, one is living to a great extent on animal or nitrogenous food, the greatest watchfulness should be observed and upon the appearance of any unpleasant symptoms the diet should be immediately modified. The lessons of experience amply confirm this statement of the necessity of fatty substances for the nourishment of the nervous system.

The brain-worker does not bear abstinence from the fatty and starchy elements of food nearly so well as the intellectual sluggard, and the so-called Banting process of diet, when rigidly adhered to, is more likely to cause nervous disturbance among brain-workers than the opposite class. Indeed, in many forms of nervous disease oils and fats are of the utmost value in building up the impoverished nervous system.

Notwithstanding the long list included among the respiratory elements of food that must necessarily be excluded in any systematic dieting for the reduction of fat, there yet remain many food products that are not prohibited. Lean meats, sweetbreads, fish (excepting rich kinds, such as salmon and eels), clear soups, poultry, game, eggs, cheese, green vegetables, toast, gluten bread, fresh fruit, and pickles are allowable articles of diet. By a strict adherence to a diet selected mainly from the above list, Mr. Banting, the originator of the system bearing his name, reduced himself greatly in weight. His height was five feet five inches, and his weight two hundred and two pounds. He began dieting under the direction of a London physician in August, 1862, and by September, 1863, a little more than a year, he had reduced his weight to one hundred and fifty-six pounds and his girth by twelve and one-half inches.

This reduction was permanent, and was followed by great improvement in health. Mr. Banting confined himself to the following dietary:

Breakfast—Four or five ounces of beef, mutton, kidneys, boiled fish, bacon, or cold meat of any kind (except pork), a large cup of tea without milk or sugar, and one ounce of dry toast.

Dinner—Five or six ounces of any fish (except salmon or eels), any meat (except pork), any vegetables (except potatoes or rice), one ounce of dry toast, fruit out of any pudding, any kind of poultry or game, and two or three glasses of good claret, sherry, or Madeira (champagne, port, or beer forbidden).

Tea—Two or three ounces of fresh fruit, or a rusk or two, and a cup of tea without milk or sugar. The tea may be very much enjoyed when taken in the Russian fashion, i. e., with a thick slice of lemon floating on the top instead of milk.

Supper—Three or four ounces of meat or fish similar to dinner, with a glass of claret.

It is hardly necessary to say that the quantities of the different articles specified must be left to the natural appetite, some requiring more, perhaps, others less.

In addition to diet, exercise is of the utmost importance. Within the limits of one's capacity, all forms of exercise, such as riding, walking, rowing, and gymnastics, are of benefit by directly inducing an increased oxidation of tissue, improving the quality of the blood and its oxygen-carrying power. The administration of drugs for the reduction of fat is in the main exceedingly unsatisfactory.

Corpulence is, however, sometimes associated with and directly dependent upon an impoverished condition of the blood known as anæmia, and in these cases the administration of iron in some form is of the greatest advantage—as the condition of the blood improves the fat diminishes.

Those medicines, however, that in themselves tend to reduce flesh are capable also of doing the greatest harm. The iodides are of this class, and those quack medicines that are advertised so extensively as fat-reducers depend for their value upon the iodine they contain. It would be difficult to estimate the damage to health occasioned by their indiscriminate use.

A. D. Rockwell M.D.

113 WEST THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

GOVERNOR HILL STILL LEADS.

SUNDRY mugwump newspapers are chuckling in the belief that Governor Hill has been overthrown by his party as its leader in this State. They say that neither the ticket nor the platform adopted by the recent State Convention were Governor Hill's.

This sort of talk will not deceive anybody; Governor Hill is

as much the political boss of the Democracy of New York as he ever was. His absolute control reaches out just as far as it ever did. The ticket and the platform are both his. The State Committee is almost unanimously for him, and so will be the delegation to the Democratic National Convention in '92. Mark the prediction.

THE FARM AND THE CITY.

CENSUS figures, which show a general movement of the farming population toward the cities of the United States, have led to various comments by cheap demagogues who sought to find proof that the farmer is overtaxed, and driven of necessity to seek the city. Bearing on this subject, we find an interesting statement in the London *Daily News*. It sent out what it termed a "village commissioner" into the eastern counties of England. He inquired into the condition of the farming masses and reported the reasons which had inspired farm laborers to desert the country and seek the cities.

Singularly enough the desertion of the farm is not confined to the United States; it prevails in England, in Germany, and even in France, where the most prosperous and contented farming population is supposed to be found. The *News* commissioner found that all the brightest and ablest young men on farms longed for city life and, as a result, that only the weak, the aged or helpless were fixtures on the farm and in the village. It has become a serious question who are to take the place of these young men; who are to live on the farms and in the small villages, to raise the crops, milk the cows, and care for the sheep.

The London *Spectator* finds an explanation for this hegin in the fact that the majority of the ground-workers "are full of the gregarious instincts which produce clubs, statute holidays, and five-o'clock teas and hate the comparative solitude of the country side. The noise of the town, its crowding, its competition, its breezeless air, all the things which disgust the refined, are to them enjoyment; give them a sense of a fuller life and a greater variety of pleasant changes." It adds that it is possible, owing to changes in the course of trade, that the cities may become as unattractive to the peasantry as the decayed cities of Belgium and North Holland now are, or that the manufacture of food may become once more one of the gainable trades and attract as market-gardening does wherever the market is sufficient. The *Spectator* thinks the change must involve a readjustment between agricultural labor and capital.

We are inclined to believe, while the *Spectator* may be right in some of its conclusions, that the real reason why farming life is objectionable to the young is because it has become too monotonous. In this country many farms are devoted to the raising of but three or four crops, sometimes only to one. If there was a diversity of work, if there was market-gardening as well as wheat and corn growing, if an orchard was to be cared for, sheep and cows as well as chickens and pigs to raise—in other words, if there was a diversity of work by day and an opportunity for relaxation at night, such as American farm life can and should afford, the young farmer would not become so tired of his dull life and so envious of the settler in the city.

The opening of vast areas of unoccupied lands and the extension of facilities of transportation have resulted in lower prices for farm products but the farmer has lived better than ever before, his home has been rendered more comfortable and his children have been better educated. There are some who think that in this higher education the secret of unrest upon the farm may be really found. That the boy who knew nothing else except the farm and its duties always was content with his place; but as soon as he became a student, and read of the opportunities which others had seized and found in the cities, he felt impatient for a trial of his own capabilities or "good luck." At once the farm became tiresome, its dull round of labor daily grew more irksome, and discontent developed until it resolved itself into an absolute hatred of the country and an irrepressible longing for a taste of city life.

It is not surprising in this country, with all the opportunities for rapid advancement that the city life offers, that young men on the farm have sought to improve their prospects by moving to the centres of population. That this movement should prevail in foreign lands where the ranks of labor in the city are overcrowded, where wages are low and the life of the laborer is full of privation and suffering, seems to indicate that the circumstances of the farmer abroad must be still more hopeless. Out of the ranks of the foreign agricultural masses we are now recruiting our farm laborers. What shall we do when this source of relief is closed?

THE ISSUE IN NEW YORK.

THE two great political parties in New York have held their conventions. Each nominated a Federal office-holder for the Governorship. Mr. Fassett was Collector of the Port of New York and Mr. Roswell P. Flower, who is named for the Governorship by the Democrats, was a member of Congress.

Both candidates have signified their desire that this shall not be a personal campaign. Mr. Fassett, at the Republican Convention, said the vital issues were State issues; and the declarations of both platforms leave State issues mainly to be fought over.

Mr. Fassett and the Republican platform both indicated an intention to make the fight on the Republican side chiefly and vigorously against State control by Tammany Hall or, to use a recently coined word, against "Tammanyism." Tammany accepts the challenge. It has thrown out of the State convention every representative of the County Democracy and compelled the party to acknowledge that it alone was instrumental in naming the State ticket. It thus accepts the challenge that the issue in this State shall be whether or not Tammany Hall shall absolutely control.

It is an interesting situation. The public will be benefited by a free and open discussion of what Tammany has been, what it is and what it expects to be. It will be a new thing in the politics of this State to have this issue placed in the foreground, and as a result there will be a shaking up of the dry bones of politics such as New York has not had in many years.

Tammany is putting everything at stake. To lose this fight means the loss of prestige and power. The fight will not be

lost if Tammany can win it. Every resource, fair or unfair, that political ingenuity can devise will be utilized. The Republican party was never in better shape to enter a contest but it faces a desperate foe, without scruple, with less conscience.

At such a time it would seem as if the pathway of duty must be clear to every conscientious and intelligent voter. If it is, Tammany Hall is doomed.

AN APPEAL TO REASON.

WHEN the McKinley bill was being discussed last year, the main argument against it was that it would restrict our foreign trade; that the levying of increased protective duties would keep out foreign goods and that, as a result, foreigners would buy less of our agricultural and manufactured products. This was the argument and the public was asked to wait and see if results did not justify it.

Now, as to the results: The official statement issued by the Bureau of Statistics at Washington, comparing exports and imports for the seven months ended July 31st, 1891, under the operations of the McKinley bill, with the corresponding seven months of 1890 under the operations of the old tariff law, has just been printed. Figures are dry reading but it is necessary to understand them in order to comprehend results and we ask our readers impartially to review the figures and base their own judgment upon them.

They show that during the seven months ended July 31st, 1891, under the McKinley bill, this country imported \$11,000,000 more of merchandise than during the corresponding seven months of the preceding year under the operations of the old tariff law. During the seven months of this year fifty per cent., or one half, of the merchandise imported was admitted free of duty; while during the corresponding seven months of 1890, under the old tariff law, only thirty-three per cent. of the total imports was admitted free of duty.

So that the McKinley bill, during the seven months of its operation for which we have official statistics, resulted in increasing the volume of imports by \$11,000,000 and admitting seventeen per cent. more of foreign imports free of duty than were admitted under the operations of the former tariff bill. Are these statements denied?

Foreign trade, so far as imports were concerned, was increased. How was it with our export trade? The passage of the McKinley bill, it was said, would not only cut down our imports but would also cut down our exports, because foreign nations would only buy from us if we bought from them? Official figures for the seven months mentioned show that during that period in 1891 the exports of domestic merchandise were increased by over \$34,000,000 beyond those of the corresponding seven months in 1890 under the operations of the old law.

None can dispute these figures. They prove that the McKinley bill has not injured American trade with foreign countries. On the other hand, a little more than half a year's experience with the McKinley bill has increased our foreign trade nearly forty-three and a half million dollars over what it was during the corresponding period while the old tariff law was in operation.

We have said before that partisanship should not be mixed up with the discussion of the tariff question. We should all be good enough Americans to support any policy which helps our business interests, no matter whether or not there is a partisan outcry against it.

The results of the McKinley bill justify the arguments in its favor. If they had been otherwise we should not have hesitated to say so.

THE FOOL CROP.

THE credulity of mankind surpasses comprehension. The crop of fools is always good. It is a crop that never fails. It seems to be peculiarly prolific in these times. This paper called attention a year ago to the numerous new bond insurance schemes offered under the guise of investment. Since that time hundreds of these have been exposed, and hundreds of thousands of their victims have cried aloud for vengeance in vain. These "bond-investment" affairs promise, for the payment of a few dollars a month, to give to the investor within a short time, generally a year or two, from six to ten times what he put into the enterprise.

On the face of the thing it was a palpable fraud but the game was played not in one city, but in nearly every city, and the victims were countless. As this swindle dies out a new one appears. A dispatch from Wheeling, West Virginia, mentions the discovery by a post-office inspector from Washington. He has uncovered a fraud even more preposterous than the "bond investments," and arrested several parties who had organized a secret society somewhat after the style of the Farmers' Alliance—which may itself be classed with other preposterous devices for the sudden enrichment of mankind. The West Virginia societies were known as "The National Assembly." The leaders induced members to contribute large amounts of money by stating that in a short time the United States Government would be compelled to pay in gold for a number of its bonds about to fall due, and that as there would not be sufficient gold to meet these enormous payments, the members could contribute their money, which would be turned into gold and held until for each dollar in gold the Government would be willing to pay five dollars in paper. Could human credulity bear a greater strain than this? But it is said that a very large amount of money was obtained by this shallow device and lodges of the National Assembly have been organized throughout West Virginia.

All who are interested in seductive advertisements for money-making ventures should always bear in mind this fact: Abundant capital in Wall Street and all the great money centres of the East is impatiently waiting safe investment at five per cent. It seldom finds opportunities to get more than that and is generally satisfied with less. If there is any safe scheme which pays more than six or, at the best, eight per cent. interest, no one need go outside of the banks and bankers to get all the money he wants to put into it. If the schemes do not commend themselves to conservative business men, should any one else take them up except those who are numbered with the countless crop of fools?

OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.

OUR Third Photographic Contest, which developed into the most interesting of all that have been held, closed on the 1st of October. The contestants came from nearly every quarter of the globe and the pictures covered an unusually extended range of work. The educational results of the former competitions were revealed by the fact that the entries in the third contest were larger and the pictures were more complete in detail; nearly all of them would have done credit to professionals. Those that we have published have been fair specimens of the whole. The committee who will make the awards are now engaged in careful scrutiny of the entries and we hope to be able to make the final announcement of the result of the contest before the close of October.

GOVERNOR HILL FOR FREE SILVER.

IT is unpleasant to contemplate the fact that the Democratic Governor of this great State, the centre of the nation's commercial and financial system, is apparently an avowed advocate of free silver coinage.

An impression has gone out to some extent, and has been strengthened by certain mugwump utterances, that the platform recently adopted by the Democratic State Convention at Saratoga opposes the free coinage of silver and favors, as the Republican State platform unquestionably does, a coinage of no dollar of silver or gold unless it is worth everywhere a hundred cents.

The Republican platform says, "We commend this policy of maintaining gold and silver at a parity, the treasury notes paid for silver to be kept at par with gold. The voice of New York is emphatic against any degradation of the currency and demands, with President Harrison, that every dollar issued by the Government, whether paper or coin, should be as good as every other dollar." There is no doubt as to the meaning of these words. They are absolutely and unquestionably antagonistic to free silver coinage.

The silver plank of the Democratic platform says, "We are against the coinage of a silver dollar which is not of the intrinsic value of any other dollar of the United States." By itself this would have been good enough but, in fact, the Democracy of New York does not oppose free silver coinage, for the platform proceeds to denounce the new Sherman Silver law, on the ground that it is an "artful hindrance to a return to free bimetallic coinage."

These words have only one meaning. They mean that Governor Hill and the Democracy of New York, which he controls with despotic authority, stand ready to favor free silver coinage. When Governor Hill, in his carefully prepared Brooklyn speech, favored the demands of the silver men, explanations and apologies were made by some of his supporters but all this amounts to nothing in the light of the silver plank in the Democratic platform just adopted at Saratoga. It is undeniable that this platform was largely the work of Governor Hill and the free-silver idea, it is said, especially had his cordial approval.

Governor Hill's course may please a few silver miners on the Pacific coast and the supporters in the West and South of Farmers'-Alliance ideas of finance but it cannot possibly please the business men, the bankers, and all the great and commanding financial influences of the Empire State which centre about the precincts of Wall Street. They will not uphold the Governor nor sustain his candidates or the platform on which they stand.

BUSINESS, NOT POLITICS.

IT is remarkable, in view of the general acquiescence, particularly of the farming classes, in the policy of reciprocity, that the Democracy of Nebraska, in its platform, opposes the reciprocity movement. The Nebraska platform bases its opposition on the statement that "it invites commercial intercourse only with other nations which buy our manufacturing products, and prohibits freedom of exchange with those nations which purchase our surplus of agricultural products."

This is an absolute misconception or misstatement of the facts. The provision of the McKinley bill providing for reciprocity offers to foreign nations the reciprocal right of free importation into our ports of articles we cannot produce, in return for the free introduction into their ports of American articles. If this is "one-sided" it is altogether in the interests of the American producer on the farm and in the factory. It certainly does not "invite commercial intercourse only with nations which buy our manufacturing productions." It invites reciprocity with nations which will open their markets more freely to our agricultural as well as our manufacturing products; and it demands that special advantages be offered us in return for special advantages we offer in the shape of the removal of duties on certain foreign products which we do not manufacture or produce.

Understanding this question as we believe the American people understand it, we consider it little less than folly to undertake to mistake the situation or mislead the public. Let us all be for anything that will stimulate American trade or add to the value of our factories and farms. In this matter partisanship should be forgotten. We should only remember that we are American citizens chiefly interested in the growth, development, and progress of our great commonwealth. Reciprocity, to a patriotic people, means business, not politics.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THERE was a time, and not long ago, when in this country a mile a minute was an exceedingly high rate of speed for a passenger train, though this record has been repeatedly broken in special instances. The New York Central Railroad now proposes to make a trial of a lightning express that shall do better than a mile a minute. An experiment recently tried under the direction of Mr. H. Walter Webb, the third vice-president of the road and one of its best executive minds, showed that the run from New York City to Buffalo could be made at less than a mile a minute by a regular passenger train. The distance of 436½ miles was run at the speed of nearly 61½ miles an hour, and, including stops, the time was nearly a mile a minute. The

New York Central Railroad, it is understood, proposes to run regular fast trains from New York to Buffalo to relieve through Western trains from the burden of way passengers they are compelled to bear. It is already foreseen that the traffic out of New York will be largely increased with the opening of the World's Fair, and it is proposed to provide means of rapid transit sufficient for the emergency of 1893. The Vanderbilts have always led in such enterprises, and it seems that the spirit of the old commodore and of his son William H. still survives in the present management of the Central.

THE Farmers' Alliance programme in Congress at the approaching session is said to include an aggressive demand for the passage of three measures: First, the sub-treasury scheme, by which the Government will be compelled to loan money on merchandise deposited in storehouses; second, a loan mortgage bill which will authorize the Government to loan money at two and one-half per cent. on farm mortgages; and third, and equally impracticable and indefensible, a bill for the coinage of free silver in unlimited amounts. The passage of any one of these bills would be followed by a financial panic. The passage of all three would result in chaos. The more of such demands the Farmers' Alliance makes the stronger will be the revolution of public sentiment against it and all its financial tomfoolery.

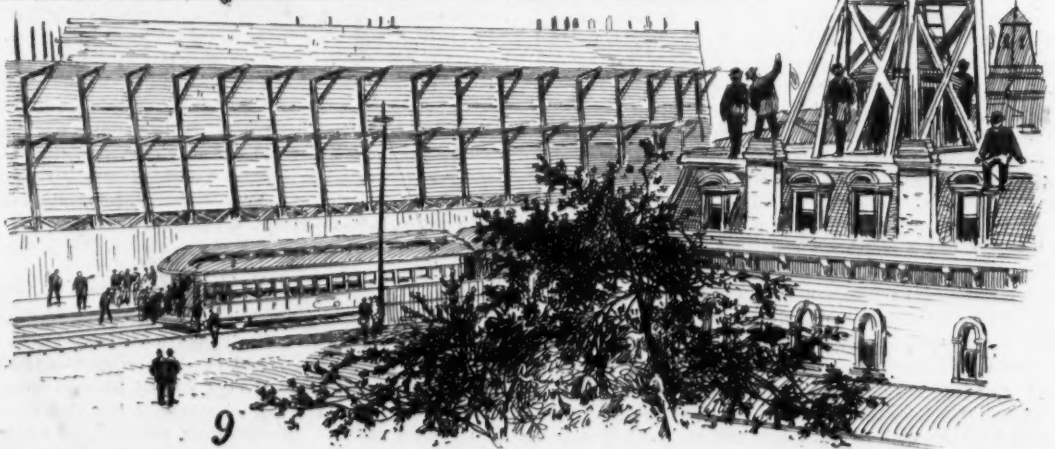
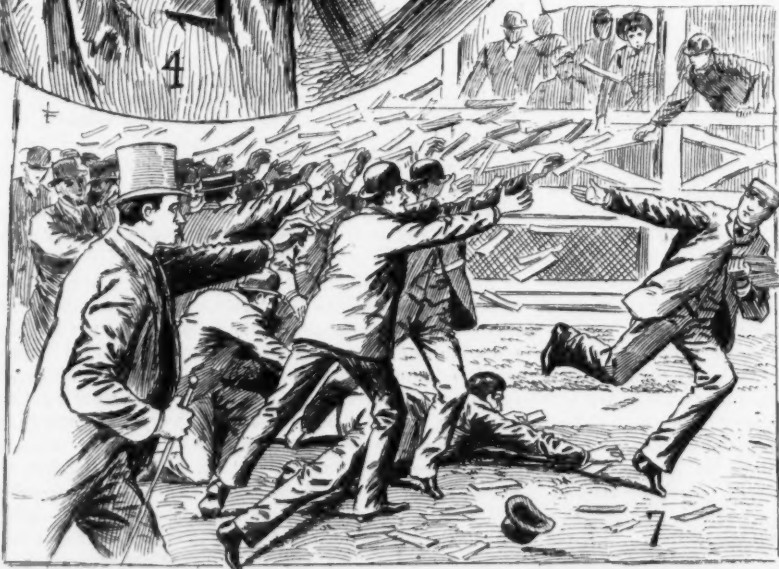
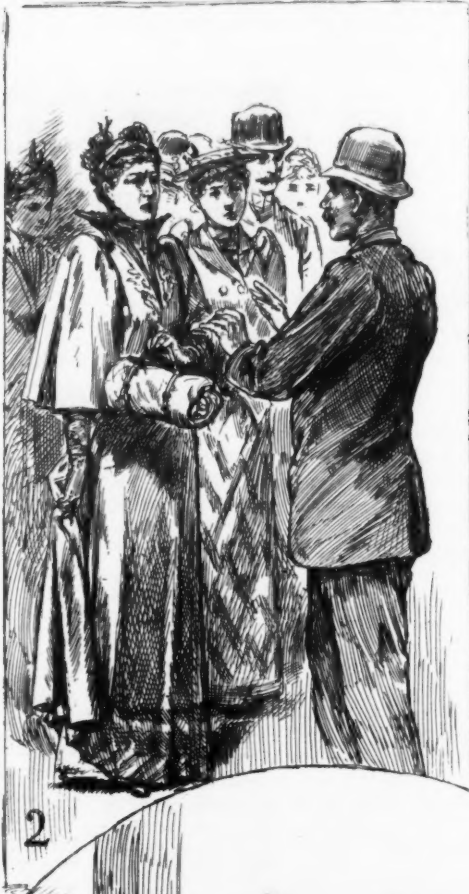
It is doubtful if at any time within a dozen years, excepting during the Presidential controversies, greater interest has been manifested in the State campaign in New York than is being manifested at present; but partisanship is not asserting itself with the fierceness that ordinarily prevails. The Democratic candidate for the Governorship, Mr. R. P. Flower, was cordially welcomed at his home in Watertown by his old friends and neighbors regardless of politics. Foremost among the speakers was a Republican Congressman and the editor of a Republican newspaper. The affair was not intended as a political demonstration. It was simply a testimonial of personal regard. It is evident that the campaign in New York, while it will be prolonged and bitter, will be largely free from personalities. Principles, not men, are involved.

A SUBSCRIBER at Kildare, Texas, writes a letter that gives us special pleasure. A large number of the subscribers to FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY reside in the Southern States, and the most notable increase in our circulation in the past year has been in that direction as well as in the West and in the Pacific States. Republican in tone and tendencies as this paper is, it is always fair and just in dealing with every matter, political or non-political; and our determined purpose to respect the feelings of political opponents we know has been appreciated. Our Kildare correspondent says: "I would not do without your paper for double its price; notwithstanding I am a strong Democrat, I must say that FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY is one of the most elevating weeklies published, and it is certainly gaining many friends and admirers every day in the Lone Star State."

THE best evidence of the earnestness manifested on the Republican side in the State campaign in New York is found in the reorganization of the State Committee and the placing of a large number of young men at the front. It seems to be on the Republican side a young men's campaign; and the party is doing what the Democracy has done in Massachusetts and other States, rallying to its standard the brightest and best young men that can be induced to participate in the excitement of politics. The new chairman of the State Committee in New York is Mr. William Brookfield, who has been chairman of the County Committee in New York City, the most responsible political place in the State next to the chairmanship of the State Committee; and he therefore will bring to his duties an experienced and trained mind. Mr. Brookfield is a prominent and wealthy manufacturer, a man of high social standing, and an alert and vigorous campaigner. Under his leadership the State Committee will make a good record.

MR. DEPEW is gallant as well as eloquent. On his recent return to New York from a visit to Europe he had his customary greeting down the bay from a host of warm-hearted friends, and he made his customary speech in answer to his welcome. Mr. Depew, while on his feet, is never uninteresting. In response to the greeting of his friends, he briefly, but very happily, reviewed his experiences abroad, and he remembered, as he always remembers, to compliment the women of America. He said that in Athens he looked in vain for the maid of which Byron so rapturously sung. Mr. Depew did not find her to be a creature over which he could rave in ecstatic rapture. She was a disappointment. In Mr. Depew's own words, "On Coney Island, Narragansett Pier, Long Branch or Saratoga, Richfield Springs, Mount McGregor, Bar Harbor, at Pawling and Peekskill, we can beat her every day." We have no doubt that Mr. Depew is right; and the ladies will please bear in mind that we are on the eve of a Presidential election.

It is difficult to believe that we are distant but little more than a year from the turmoil and strife which always attend the holding of national conventions. Mr. De Young, of the San Francisco Chronicle, a member of the National Republican Executive Committee, predicts that the next Republican National Convention will be held as early as May, 1892. In all probability the National Democratic Convention will be called on the same or the following month, so that within a short period the country will be once more shaken up by the throes of its quadrennial national disturbance. There is something in the argument in favor of extending the term of the President to six years. Business interests certainly are not helped, as a rule, by national election canvasses and the attendant strife extending over a period of several months. If the business sentiment of the country were consulted the national conventions would be held much later; but sometimes the excitement prior to the holding of a convention is quite as much of a disturbing factor as that which follows.



1. TELEGRAPH OPERATOR OBSERVING THE RACES FROM A POLE ONE HUNDRED FEET HIGH. 2. NO PERSONS WITH PARCELS, ETC., ADMITTED TO THE GROUNDS. 3. ARRESTED FOR SMUGGLING A CARRIER-PIGEON. 4. SENDING OFF THE RESULT OF A RACE. 5. THE DWYER BROTHERS. 6. PINKERTON, THE DETECTIVE. 7. DISTRIBUTING PROGRAMMES BEFORE A RACE. 8. SOME METHODS OF SIGNALING TO WATCHERS OUTSIDE. 9. WATCHING A RACE FROM THE TEMPORARY WOODEN TOWER.

THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE BROOKLYN JOCKEY CLUB AND THE CITY POOL-ROOMS.—INCIDENTS OF THE STRUGGLE FOR THE CONTROL OF THE NEWS FROM THE GRAVESEND RACE-TRACK.—DRAWN BY C. UPHAM.—[SEE PAGE 135.]



MASSACHUSETTS.—HON. CHARLES H. ALLEN, REPUBLICAN
NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR.—PHOTO BY C. M. BELL.

THE MASSACHUSETTS GUBERNATORIAL CONTEST.

IN the nomination of Hon. Charles H. Allen for Governor, the Massachusetts Republicans have made an appeal to the best element and highest sentiment of the party, and have, by that fact, placed the party success beyond all doubt. Mr. Allen comes of an old New England family, and his career has been conspicuously honorable throughout. He is a graduate of Amherst College, and as early as 1874, when only twenty-six years of age, became a servant of the people as a member of the Lowell school committee. Subsequently he served as a member of both branches of the State Legislature, and was later elected to the Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congresses, occupying a prominent place on several important House committees, and earning a reputation as a vigorous and polished speaker. He will fill with distinction, and with honor to the State, the position for which he has now been named.

THE GAME OF LACROSSE.

THE game of lacrosse is comparatively unknown in this country, but is coming into favor in some of the large Eastern cities, and contests have recently been had in Philadelphia and New York for the Amateur Athletic Union championship. It

is the national game of Canada, as cricket is of England and base-ball of the United States. The game was played by the aborigines before the discovery of the New World. The present name was given it by French Canadians, owing to the resemblance of the curved netted stick, the chief instrument used in the pastime, to a bishop's crosier or *crosse*. The National Lacrosse Association of Canada was formed in 1867, and a recognized code of rules was established by it.

In playing the game, striking or pitching the balls with hands or feet is inadmissible, and in this respect it cannot, therefore, be compared to football. The *crosse* somewhat resembles a racquet bat. It is a stick with one end curved, and the hook so formed is fitted with network, which must be tense and not baggy. The ball used is of india-rubber, from eight to nine inches in circumference. The other requisites are a level piece of ground about 200 by 100 yards, and the goals. These goals may be placed any distance apart, according

to agreement and the available space. Each is composed of two flag-posts, six feet high and a like distance apart. The usual number of players is twelve on each side, and they are placed somewhat as in foot-ball.

A game is scored when one side drives a ball between the opponent's goal-posts, and a match is three games out of five. The chief feat of the player is to catch the ball on the network of the *crosse*, dodge his opponents by running as far as possible, and then to throw the ball to one of his own side who is nearest the enemy's goal. In commencing the game the ball is placed on the ground midway between the two goals, with a player from each side facing for it with the *crosse*, till one of them succeeds in sending it toward the opposite goal. The goals are changed after each game. In Canada the game is played by skaters on the ice during the winter, or on the snow with the aid of snow-shoes. The pastime was introduced into England in 1867,



W. E. D. STOKES, A COMING MAN IN POLITICS.—[SEE PAGE 139.]

but it never became popular, and is now little practiced. Other old-established games of balls being preferred. We give on another page a number of illustrations showing prominent features of the game.



IN THE FIRE-ROOM OF AN OCEAN STEAMER.—DRAWN BY J. DURKIN.

ON THE CREST OF THE HILL.

THE breeze was sweet and the breeze was chill
On that far brown hill,
Where the sunset lingered so long and late,
Like a smile of fate.

Many and many a time we stood
(Oh, the gods were good!),
We two, alone, on that lonely height
In the fading light.

Like shadowy ghosts the sails swept down
Past the quiet town,
And over the dim, white harbor-bar
Shone the first pure star.

Oh, sweet! . . . And I watched its splendor grow
Through the sunset glow,
With sometimes—not often—the bliss divine
Of your hand in mine.

And still the breeze blows over the hill,
And the faint star still
Shines through the dusk, and the boats go by
'Neath the darkening sky.

But the star and the wind and the dim, sweet sea
Are no more for me.

And no more for me is the hand I pressed
On the hill's brown crest.

MADLINE S. BRIDGES.

HIS AWAKENING.

By A. S. ISAACS.



It was a rather sad yet defiant face that gazed out of the little window of the smallest white cottage in Berk, which lies on the flat-lands between Mechlin and Antwerp, and contained, about the year 1634, a fair number of cottages nestling around an old castle with its three towers. Was he dreamer, poet, warrior, or philosopher? Tall, well formed, his head was thrown back proudly, his lips compressed, and his firm hands clinched, while his breath came and went quickly as he contemplated with his large, black eyes the

silent snow-fall and the gloom without. He wore a gray doublet and wide knee-breeches, his shoes were of the coarsest, and his shirt bulged out in untidy folds. On the ground lay a palette, some brushes, and a felt hat with a red feather. In a corner an easel was standing, canvases and panels were in disorder on the large, heavy table, while near the hearth in wild confusion were heaped a number of finished pictures representing card-players, dancing peasants, and kitchen-maids at work.

No; it was not a poet, a dreamer, a soldier, a philosopher, but a poor painter, whose aspirations seemed forever crushed in the hard struggle of life.

"Is it you again, David?" exclaimed a woman in a harsh voice, as she entered with heavy tread, carrying a babe in her arms and having two unkempt boys hanging on to her apron. "It is you, David. I didn't hear you come back. Well, did you sell any of your pictures in Antwerp? No; there they are—every one of them. You are a poor trader, David. Why don't you put them into the hands of the picture-dealers that go from house to house? That's the only way to sell them. But you won't listen to advice. Spinster Van der Muelen has been here again. She wishes a picture for her cousin's birthday, but she will pay you only in butter; you might as well take that, as I need butter, and I don't suppose you have any money left."

"Let her choose what she likes, in the devil's name," cried the young man, sullenly. "The trumpery is lying there," and he pointed to the pictures which lay heaped together.

"Good-day to you, Master Teniers!" exclaimed a shrill voice outside the door, and Spinster Van der Muelen entered. "Ah! in bad mood, as usual when you return from Antwerp. Sold little or nothing, I suppose. Well, it is your own fault; you paint such trash. Your father, now, he painted far prettier, and your brother in Antwerp, too, understands it better. Why do you give us clumsy servant-girls instead of slender holy virgins, and maidens of high degree sitting at their spinning-wheels with handsome cavaliers beside them? What has been the result? Your work brings you in but little, your wife Anna has grown old with care, and your children eat more every day. How is it all to end, Master Teniers?"

Without waiting for any response from the painter, the spinster rustled through the room in her green-and-white brocaded gown and bent over the pictures.

"You've nothing particular here," she exclaimed, with a scornful air, holding up single pieces to the light. "A bar-room again—and here is another bar-room. You are happiest there, it seems, for you can be found in the tavern every evening. But what a little tankard on that table for such a dissolute set! And what red faces, and what a black background! What have you here? A cattle-yard, a fat woman at the open door, and an old man with a white beard driving a wheelbarrow full of vegetables! What is the good of painting such a scene? Just see how untidy all the implements are and how dirty the cattle. I like that better with the monkeys eating, but there are too many of them and the kitchen doesn't look neat and clean. But what's this? Shame upon you! You have painted a wicked old witch brewing something horrible and—Master Teniers! what do I see here? A naked woman on a black sow coming down the chimney! Shame upon you! Any respectable maiden would run away from you as far as her feet could carry her."

"I'll spare you that trouble, old hag," cried the painter enraged; and starting up he seized the woman by the waist, lifted her and, hurrying over the house floor, pitched her out of the door into the snow.

"Oh, David, what have you done?" exclaimed his wife in tears,

when he returned. "You hot-headed man, what have you done? You have exasperated the rich spinster past recall, and her cousin, the miller, as well, and her people in Mechlin. They'll come and seize you and bring you to Antwerp, and what am I to do in my poverty and loneliness? Look, there she is, running off to her relatives and threatening with her clinched fist!"

Teniers stood for a while absorbed in thought, then stepping up to his wife, he said with a cheerful smile:

"Don't be uneasy, Anna; I shall devise means to help us both. I've been long meditating a plan, and now is the time to execute it, for it cannot go on any longer this way. I cannot stand it. My heart is as heavy as lead and my purse as light as air. I must, I will die—hush, hear me to the end. I don't mean to die really—merely to feign death. Let it get among the people that chagrin at the old spinster has caused my death; they'll believe it. I'll paint my face white and lie down on the bed in the dark sleeping-room. See you to it that no one touches me, above all hold off the doctor! Then you will hear how the people will change their tune. It will be: 'What a pity it is that he's dead, good Master Teniers, clever Master Teniers, diligent Master Teniers! How pretty his pictures were, after all! We must buy them!' And I tell you they'll buy every one of them, and pay for them as they never would in my life-time; nay, they'll wish to wrest them out of each other's hands. Mark my words, Anna, it will all happen as I tell you. When the fools are done, I shall rise up a rich man and purchase the castle with the three towers for a studio; we'll suffer want no more, and you'll have butter to your heart's content. First into the dead-clothes, though."

On the following day the inhabitants of the village were standing before Teniers's lowly dwelling with every mark of sorrow on their faces. They were mourning the departed painter who had so often laughed and cut jokes and drank with them, but who now lay in a little dark back-room in his shroud. The single window was darkened and a taper burned at the feet of the dead. The children cowered in a corner, awed and astonished at all that was taking place around them. Anna sat in black at the door of the chamber, burying her face in her handkerchief whenever any person approached.

The whole village came flocking to see Master Teniers in death, for there was no one but had liked him in life. His cheerful temperament, frank manners, and handsome person had made him a favorite everywhere, especially among the women, with whom he had a particularly winning way. Anna, however, let no one enter his room; they were forced to content themselves gazing from the door. Dire was the vengeance that overtook the poor Spinster Van der Muelen. Wherever she appeared she was stoned as the cause of his most awful, distressing death. She therefore left the village hastily and took flight to Mechlin.

The news of this affecting occurrence soon spread to Antwerp, Mechlin, and Brussels, and noble equipages filled with elegantly-appeared men and women were seen rolling through the village of Berk and stopping before the master's humble cottage, where they eagerly inquired for his pictures and offered the highest prices for them. The one outbid the other—nay, they almost snatched them out of each other's hands; and they made Anna search every corner and bring to light the merest scrap or daub of his brush. On the second day after Teniers's demise, toward evening, the little room was so crowded with people that the doctor from Mechlin, notwithstanding his white wig and spectacles, could not press through, therefore he promised to come on the following morning to inspect the corpse.

It was on this day it happened that a young lady of noble birth, accompanied by a fine-looking, portly man, had come from Antwerp. She had been leaning for some time, sunk in thought, on the door of the chamber where lay the dead; at last she drew the latch softly, approached timorously, and at length found herself close by his bedside. Long she gazed on the sleeper; one would almost have held her for a picture, she was so still. Her dress was a light-blue satin that fell in rich folds down to her feet, and a red-velvet mantle was lightly thrown over. The large, black silk hood she wore to protect her against the cold had fallen down upon her shoulders, leaving the lovely blooming face, set in a mass of brown curls, free. She bent over the bed, looked earnestly into the face of the deceased until two hot tears gathered on her eyelashes and fell upon his brow. The black window-blind had been slightly disarranged, so that, at one corner, it admitted a single ray of light from the winter sun; this fell upon the lovely young figure, and her breath at the same moment touching the painter's cheek caused his eyelid to quiver. He had almost worked his imagination into the belief that he was dead and that the angel of the resurrection was bending over him, so fair and lovely was the maiden; but the burning tear and the line of pain about her mouth awoke him from his dream and warned him a child of earth had wept over him. It touched his heart with a holy love for her, and left a remembrance that was never effaced.

Everything went on like a fairy tale. The pictures were sold, but Master Teniers was not buried; the wise old doctor would on no account allow it. He worked on at him, turning him round and round, rubbing him all over, sprinkling him and anointing him, until at last he did really arise from the dead after three days, thanks to the science of the learned leech. Now, if the people had run after his pictures while he lay dumb and stiff on his trestle, orders flowed in upon the newly arisen, not only from the Netherlands, but also from Germany and Spain, nay, even from Italy. Teniers had need to be diligent to overtake all the work he had to do, and he did apply himself with unwearied assiduity to his labors, for since he feigned death he had become another man. He was the same cheerful, hearty soul as before, but no more so extravagantly gay or unrestrained in his mirth as when he sought to drown his cares in revelry. He was also more patient with his wife and children. This mildness, this greater earnestness, were a consequence of those burning tears that fell upon his brow. On his entrance into his second new life he had tried to give a description of the bright vision, and inquired for her. His wife, however, insisted that she had seen no one, and answered, curtly, there had been so many high people in the room that day from Brussels, Ghent, and Ant-

werp that she could not possibly have kept in mind any single individual.

The master was forced to be contented with this reply, and to deafen the voice of longing within him by greater application to his work, the best balsam for all pain. He expended much time and care on his larger pictures, whereas, for his less patient worshippers, he threw off in an afternoon the cleverest, prettiest sketches that soon became known everywhere under the general name of *après diners*. Full many a picture-dealer and connoisseur of those days considered they possessed a treasure in one of those little panels, and paid accordingly. All these works belonging to Teniers's first period are painted in the manner of the Rubens school, warm, fresh, vigorous. In less than a year David Teniers became master of the castle with the three towers. His favorite castle in the air was realized. With acclamations of joy the whole family removed thither, and to his death this splendid studio, so ardently longed for, and those spacious, cool apartments were his favorite place of residence. He was rarely to be seen in Antwerp or Brussels, although both towns bribed him to remain. The inhabitants of Berk hung on their new lord with redoubled affection, and were not a little proud of the preference he showed for their humble village.

Seven years after this trial of death, so rich in results, Teniers's wife died. He felt her loss principally on account of the children. The two younger stood still sorely in want of a mother's care; they were wild, unmanageable fellows, and caused their father a great deal of care and anxiety. Two months, therefore, after Anna's death, he had it cried out in the streets and market-places of Antwerp and Brussels—the only method of advertising known in those days—that he, Master David Teniers, in the castle with the three towers at Berk, wanted an honorable widow or elderly spinster to look after his children and his house.

Soon after this announcement a tall female figure, in the plain dress of a young unmarried woman of the middle rank in Holland, knocked at his room door, and entering, with a little bundle under her arm, said timidly with a blush:

"Let me take charge of your children, Master Teniers. I will do my best to serve you faithfully if you will but have patience with me."

Here Teniers fixed his eyes on the fair face before him, and as the girl, always blushing deeper, turned away from his gaze his heart leaped for joy, for he recognized that angel form whose tears had purified his heart.

"Then thou art she who called the dead to life!" cried he, with a choking voice. "Maiden, what is thy name?"

"You saw me, then, did you?"

"Yes, yes, of course; and from that moment you became my sacred property to all eternity."

He related everything to her—his sufferings, his struggles, his dying, and his resurrection, when she threw herself on his heart weeping, but this time with tears of joy. Scarce five weeks afterward they became husband and wife. Her name was Isabella de Frene, the only daughter of a rich Senator at Antwerp.

In every age there are women to be found who for their love's sake can forget all, suffer all, sacrifice all. Isabella belonged to that class of beings. Left early motherless, and of a romantic temperament, she had always been possessed of a boundless veneration for the heaven-gifted school of painters. To her a painter was a holy being, to belong to whom must be the summit of all earthly happiness. She vowed in her soul that, if ever God should permit her to become the wife of such a man, she would lay her heart at his feet, to smooth his path, with busy hands lighten every burden, and with watchful eyes guard over him, that he might be alone touched by the spirituality of life. For him no shadow should exist; his calling should be no labor, only a joyful, voluntary producing. When, as a girl of scarce sixteen, she had entered the miserable hut of a master whose name her father had never mentioned but with respect and admiration; when she saw the low, almost squalid poverty which had bound the genius as with an iron chain, the faded appearance of his wife, and, lastly, the pale, handsome countenance of the deceased himself,—when she saw all this a feeling entered her breast that she hardly dared name, and extorted those burning tears. She knew she loved him who lay on the bier, and standing there, she swore to be faithful to this love in the hope of once meeting the object of it in heaven.

When the astounding intelligence of Teniers's return to life reached her, joy and hidden grief laid her on a bed of sickness, from which she arose only to fulfill her secret vow. Her great beauty, her wealth, and her father's respectable standing did not fail to attract numerous suitors, among whom were men both of rank and fame. This strange maiden, however, dismissed them all and remained with her father, cheering his declining years, until at last she closed his eyes. It had been her intention after his death to take the veil, and she was about to depart for Bruges, where she was to enter upon her novitiate in the convent of the Sisters of Charity, when she heard the announcement of David Teniers. A bright thought flashed through her brain, destroying in one instant all her plans, constructed with such care. She determined to become Teniers's maid, tend his children, and add to his comfort by the faithful administration of his household. Accordingly she left Antwerp without apprising any one of her intention, and appeared, as we have already seen, at the castle in Berk, awaking there a new and blessed sense of life.

From the hour that Teniers married Isabella his genius took another and a higher flight. All his best pictures were produced in this period. A rich abundance of the finest masterpieces grew under his hand. A spirit of happiness glowed in these works which animated every scene, while the altar-pieces that sprang into life and the religious creations whose power is permanent are stamped with a spiritual grandeur that gives them immortality.

Teniers's fame attracted a host of pupils to his studio, but it was whispered that he owed the rush of visitors chiefly to a lovely picture that was exposed to view behind glass for the best part of each day. In the left wall of the atelier was a large round glass window that looked into the master's work-room. Now, behind this window, with its greenish glass, sat daily Isabella, Teniers's wife, once the loveliest girl in Antwerp. She

was always employed either in working or instructing the children, casting ever and anon a bright and tender glance over to her husband's easel; and Teniers, with this splendid head always before him in a subdued, warm light, worked with an inspired and rapid pencil.

Years passed; the children grew into men and women, and the picture behind the glass was gradually fading. Lines came into the face, the outline of the fine nose grew sharper, wrinkles gathered round the eyes, silver threads began to show in the thick brown hair which had long been hidden under the peaked cap, and so at length, transformed by time, a mild-looking old matron sat behind the round window looking in upon an old man whose hand and eye now alone bore token of former youth and fire. To the last Teniers called this head his best picture. But one day a black curtain was seen hanging before this round window. It never was taken down again, and the master for long did not work in his studio. Upon the whole, he painted very little after the sudden but peaceful death of his faithful companion, and those works which he did produce seemed to have lost much of their beautiful soul. His wife's death, however, did not destroy the inborn cheerfulness of his disposition—the strong vein of humor which was the chief feature in his character carried him through all. In his latter years he took more to portrait-painting, in which he also distinguished himself. One day a rich lawyer came to Teniers, who, on finding he had no ivory-black ash left, coolly broke out his last tooth and burned it to ashes, adding playfully: "What can I do more for art? David Teniers may now honorably let his brush rest—and himself, too!"

Next morning his favorite scholar, Alshoven, found him dead in his bed with a peaceful smile on his face. The master's eyelid did not quiver this time, despite the burning tears that fell on his brow. He was buried in the Frauen Church at Berk in 1690.

THE FIGHT AT GRAVESEND.

WE illustrate on another page some features of the interesting and exciting war between the Gravesend race-track managers and the New York City pool-rooms, which has been in progress for several weeks past. This contest, it should be understood at the outset, has not involved any moral principle; it has been simply a question of money, the managers of the track demanding the sum of \$4,000 a day for the privilege of sending out the news of the races, while the pool-rooms offered only half that amount.

The contest has been marked by great earnestness from the very beginning. In their efforts to obtain the news the agents of the book-makers have resorted to every possible artifice. Being excluded from the track, they have undertaken to obtain the news from the vantage-ground of friendly trees outside of the inclosure, by the use of carrier-pigeons, and by means of observatories from elevated points. In one case they went to the length of erecting a jointed mast 120 feet high just outside of the race-track fence, from which an observer, commanding a full view of the entire track, and having an instrument, sent the news by wire. In other cases the agents of the pool-rooms smuggled carrier-pigeons into the grounds by means of bags and baskets, but this was finally stopped by the exclusion of all receptacles of this character.

As more fully illustrative of the methods of the operators, it may be mentioned that in one instance a telegraph operator climbed to the topmost branches of a tree within the grounds overlooking the club-house, and from this elevation secured the returns of a number of races almost as soon as they were decided. He had an ordinary palm-leaf fan in his hand, and by means of the Morse alphabet signaled his news to confederates in the tower outside, or communicated to men within the gates, who, by various systems of signaling, confirmed his judgment.

A number of these persons were arrested by Pinkerton men, but the utmost vigilance of the detectives has not proved equal to the defeat of the audacious gamblers. As a last resort, the jockey club decided to withhold the entries until twenty minutes before each race. This very seriously embarrassed the book-makers, but they still persisted in their efforts to obtain the news for gambling purposes.

Some comment has been excited by the fact that the Western Union Telegraph Company stretched special wires and opened special offices near the track for the particular benefit of the professional law-breakers. It is intimated in some quarters that the telegraph company is really making the fight for the pool-rooms, and that but for its attitude the struggle would have ended long since.

The spectacle of a contest in which the only consideration is a pecuniary one, and which in any aspect of the case tends to the corruption of the public morals, is not, to say the least of it, an edifying one. The pool-rooms are carrying on their business in shameless defiance of the law, and if the municipal and judicial authorities were as faithful and honest in the performance of their duties as they ought to be, such a spectacle as that which has confronted the public for some time past, in which the managers of the race-track and the book-makers are equally undeserving of sympathy, would no longer be possible.

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

A CERTAIN woman who strongly advocates a reform in dress declares that "corsets have filled more graves than whisky," and a cynical wag replies that "whisky is never put on the bargain counter." The scientific world has ever denounced the corset, but woman's world has ever declared the impossibility of relinquishing it. Into the breach caused by this wide diversity of opinion steps the "health bodice," which will insure a vast amount of comfort to any wearer, whether the young mother, the growing girl, or the woman who indulges in the luxury of the tea-gown. It is an idealized slip bodice made of fine white twill trimmed with embroidery, becomingly full and soft over the bust and boned below with pliable bones, which may be easily removed when laundered. A loose house-gown of any form is worn more comfortably over a bodice of this sort than with a stiffly-boned corset, allowing, as it does, a more graceful play to the curves of the figure, and greater freedom of motion. One is apt to take cold by removing the corset when indoors, and the health bodice will supply a substitute at once comfortable and protective.

As seasons come and seasons go, the tailor-made dress holds on forever, and because it is the most satisfactory form of street dress which has yet been bestowed upon us. In plain cloth or serge it looks equally well, and in tweed it will still pursue its checkered career throughout the winter. Probably the only difference in its make from those we wore early in the spring will be in the basque, which in some instances is cut short in front with the extra length commencing at the hips, to continue round the back in full pleats from each seam. This method of cutting away from the front renders it far more becoming to a short woman than when it is of the same depth all round. The vigognes and camel's-hairs, which foreign manufacturers have brought to such a perfection of softness as well as coloring, lend themselves especially well to the polonaise and princess styles. Some are made with deep pockets on the hips, others with silk fringe, and on each and every dress the large sleeves appear to reign supreme, though their fullness is more pronounced in their width than, as formerly, in the height above the shoulders. Several of the new Paris models have sleeves differing in color and material from the dress proper, a fashion which has had many vicissitudes in popularity, and which should be adopted with great taste and discretion. An example of this fancy, and an effective one, too, is in black vigogne, with a simple bodice gathered beneath a deep belt, and showing a full, bow-like cravat of red and black silk in a rich plaid, with sleeves also of the plaid. Another striking costume is made in dark blue Indian cashmere, and has a yoke-piece of jet and gold, shaped like a tippet, being round at the back and with two pointed ends in the front, which is outlined with a narrow double ruche of black lace. This dress has the sleeves made entirely of jet and gold, the pointed basque being edged with a ruche of lace heading a deep jet and gold fringe, while the plain skirt is trimmed at the hem in a similar manner.

A novelty for early autumn is given in the costume illustrated, which represents royal blue *foulé* striped with black. The bodice, which is straight on the shoulders, fastens down one side under a trimming of black passementerie, and has full basques of silk fringe. The skirt has a row of passementerie down the centre, arranged to carry out the line of the bodice. An exceedingly stylish costume is made of a dull shade of heliotrope cloth. The plain skirt is bordered with a trelis work of black velvet ribbon, while the Figaro jacket is trimmed to match it, and buttons with velvet tabs across an under bodice of white cloth. The full upper sleeves above the deep cloth cuffs are also of the white cloth. The accompanying hat is of the dark cloth, in one of the new shapes which rolls peculiarly at one side, and is trimmed with black velvet and ostrich tips. Speaking of hats, we are to return to the scoop fronts which have been out of favor for many years, and which, with the exception of the cape at the neck, are almost identical with prints of the fashions of fifty years ago. They are, however, decidedly unbecoming to all, except fresh, young, oval faces; and, oh, imagine the trials of our audiences at the theatres therefrom! However, out of evil good may come, for it may create the custom in this country of ladies removing their hats at the play.

EARLY AUTUMN COSTUME.

ELLA STARR.

SOME FOREIGN SUBJECTS ILLUSTRATED.

A SOUTH AFRICAN INCIDENT.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Graphic*, who has had considerable experience in South Africa, narrates an incident which occurred on the Limpopo River, the northern boundary of the Transvaal. One of his drivers was a Hottentot named Cigar, and though the roads were heavy, he had to hurry on, time being an object, not even halting for the usual *siesta* in the middle of the day. But one day the bullocks stopped suddenly and refused to advance further. The Hottentot's experience told him that there was something ahead that frightened the oxen, so, seizing his whip, he went forward to reconnoitre. He was not long in discovering the cause of the trouble, namely, a splendid couple of lions with their cubs, enjoying a mid-day snooze. Without hesitation he measured with his eye the distance, then raising his giant ox-whip, brought it down among them with a succession of cracks that rivaled the report of a gun. Thus abruptly awakened, neither of the parents stopped to learn who had disturbed them, but bounded off into the adjoining jungle, closely followed by their progeny.

JUGGLERY IN INDIA.

Sleight-of-hand is apt to be an hereditary talent, and the cunning of the Hindoo conjurers is a gift bequeathed with the secret of many tricks from generation to generation. They still practice a gainful profession, which is very popular among all classes of a superstitious race, who are never prompted by scientific curiosity to find out how things are done. Some of the surprising deeds of the jugglers have often, indeed, been imitated by sleight-of-hand performers in the cities of the Occident, among them that of causing a plant or any other unexpected object to appear under a basket or other cover, when it had not been there before the space was covered. Many of these tricks, as the one represented on page 141, are doubtless produced by

dexterous manipulations, while others cannot be explained in the same manner. It seems that hypnotism plays an important part in these performances; the fakirs who do these feats are generally gifted with extraordinary magnetic powers, and by exerting their hypnotic influence over the audience they make the spectators believe that they see things which in reality do not exist, or witness proceedings that never have taken place.

CARMEN SYLVA, THE QUEEN-POETESS.

The royal family of Roumania has of late frequently been the subject of newspaper discussion, particularly the eccentric queen Elizabeth, known to literary fame by the *nom de plume* "Carmen Sylva," and the heir to the throne, Prince Ferdinand of Hohenzollern, a nephew of the present ruler of Roumania. Being a poetess, Queen Elizabeth was fond of romantic intrigues, and when she discovered that Prince Ferdinand entertained a deep-rooted and reciprocal passion for one of her pretty maids-of-honor, Helen Vacarescu, the offspring of one of the old Roumanian Bojar families, she at once contrived to make a match of the two lovers. The consent of King Charles was easily gained, but the Ministry interposed objections of a political nature, and when some of the great European Powers exerted some pressure in the same direction, the King renounced his consent to the marriage and demanded that Queen Elizabeth should dismiss the scheming young lady from her household. This the Queen refused to do, though Prince Ferdinand, sensible enough, had renounced the fair Helen for the sake of the throne. The defeat of her diplomacy so deeply touched the royal poetess that soon after she was attacked by a dangerous brain fever. Having recovered, she traveled to Venice, Helen Vacarescu still being her companion, but after all, the physicians attending her now fear that Queen Elizabeth is slowly becoming hopelessly insane. Her portrait is on page 141.

LIFE INSURANCE.—OUR QUESTION-BOX.

I SHALL endeavor, in this article, to answer an accumulation of queries, as follows:

"J. T.," of Raleigh, N. C., asks my opinion of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association.—Ans. If "J. T." had followed my articles carefully he would have noticed that his inquiry, or something like it, has been answered a dozen times. The Mutual Reserve is one of the strongest, if not the strongest, of the assessment companies, and under Mr. Harper's successful management, has grown to be a great institution.

"L. H. L.," of Boston, asks regarding the standing and reliability of the order of the Royal Ark.—Ans. I have nothing upon which to base any knowledge of this concern's affairs. It does no business in New York, and I am inclined therefore to think it may be one of the numerous insurance bond schemes with which the country is flooded.

"G. W. C.," of Burlington, Iowa, asks for the cost of insurance in the Fidelity Mutual Life Association of Philadelphia, as compared with that of other standard companies.—Ans. It compares favorably with other assessment companies, but I prefer the Mutual Reserve of this city.

"A. E. G.," of Newburgh, N. Y., says he is in poor circumstances and desires insurance on the industrial or weekly plan for small amount; that the Syracuse Industrial, of Syracuse, offers very favorable terms; but he would prefer, if he can obtain better security thereby, to pay more and take less from the Prudential Insurance Company.—Ans. I think my correspondent does well in preferring the Prudential or the Metropolitan of this city for the kind of insurance he needs, though I do not like the kind.

"G. A. B.," of Sioux City, Ia., asks concerning the reliability and standing of the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company, and also asks what would be the best policy for a man of small family and in moderate circumstances to take out at the age of thirty-three.—Ans. I repeat what I said in my article of September 19th, that the Massachusetts Mutual Life at Springfield is a good company, but neither as large nor as solid as any of the great New York companies. As to the kind of policy for a man to take out, there will be considerable difference of opinion, but many favor either a fifteen or twenty-payment distribution or tontine policy, which guarantees the State reserve to the assured and the face of the policy at his death.

"F. H. B.," of Buda, Ill., writes that the annual statement of the Aetna Life Company last year "exhibits dividends paid to stockholders of \$125,000," and wants to know how this can be possible when the original capital of the company was only \$50,000.—"F. H. B." also asks regarding the difference between stock and mutual life companies.—Ans. The Aetna is a stock company and paid to its stockholders (not its policy-holders) the \$125,000 referred to. But there are stock companies, like the Equitable of New York, which limit their dividends to the legal rate of interest. The Equitable dividend was thus limited and the legal rate at the time was seven per cent. That is the rate of dividend on the Equitable stock. The danger of insuring in stock companies lies only in insuring in companies which are not responsible and not subject to proper limitations.

"A. S.," of Scott River, Cal., asks information regarding the Germania Life Insurance Company.—Ans. As I have said before in reference to this company, it is an old one with a somewhat heavy death-rate, and it obtained considerable notoriety some years ago by contesting the policy in the famous Dwight (Binghamton, N. Y.) case after several of the leading New York companies had paid their policies.

"A. R. K.," of Galveston, Texas, writes concerning the Fidelity Mutual Insurance Company of Philadelphia. He says its agents claim that it is an assessment company in name only, and that "the reading public is learning to submit all questions of this kind to you, owing to the careful, painstaking manner in which you evidently arrive at the facts as stated in your answers."—Ans. The company referred to is an assessment company, and is so listed in the last official report of the New York State Insurance Department. I would prefer one of the great New York old-line companies.

"A. G. H.," of St. Louis, asks: "Can a fraternal order assess one member and not another? That is, if a member brings in an acceptable person and he is initiated in the order, can the one that proposed him be relieved of an extra assessment of five dollars which members who do not bring in candidates must pay?"—Ans. I should think that this would not be legal. It certainly would not be tolerated in the State of New York. My correspondent lives in Missouri, and I advise him to submit his inquiry to the Hon. C. P. Ellerbe, the insurance commissioner of his State.

"J. H. S.," of Bridgeport, Conn., writes a very pleasant letter to "The Hermit," in which he says: "I have enjoyed and profited by the reading of your letters. I conclude that your name is a misnomer. A hermit is one that lives a secluded life within himself and for himself, while you stand out in broad, clear daylight on a broad foundation, spreading or sounding the truth for the benefit of intelligent people, especially for those green dupes who have been or who may be deceived by worse than the locusts were in Egypt."—"J. H. S." says he would like to become personally acquainted with "The Hermit" in his hermitage. I thank my subscriber for his kind words, but prefer to remain in my chosen seclusion.

"J. Q. A. N.," of Fitchburg, Mass., asks for information regarding the Charter Oak Life Insurance Company, in which he insured in 1887, continuing payments on his policy until the company failed. He asks how he can get a settlement, as he paid the company over \$500.—Ans. I advise my correspondent to write to the Hon. O. R. Fyler, State Commissioner of Insurance, at Hartford, Conn.

A subscriber at Durango, Col., wants my opinion of the Standard Life and Accident Insurance Company of Detroit, Mich.—Ans. The company referred to had an income last year of \$573,000 and reported disbursements of \$556,367 and total admitted assets of \$517,000. At the close of last year it had 25,625 policies in force. My correspondent can readily draw his conclusions from the figures I have given. The income of the concern is apparently very little more than its outgo.

"I. F.," of Wheeling, W. Va., asks what life insurance company is the best. He has a twenty-year tontine policy in a New York company with which he is not satisfied and wants to know what style of policy I recommend to a man in fair health at the age of thirty-two.—Ans. Everything depends upon the circumstances of my correspondent. If he will communicate with the agent of any of the great New York companies in this city—and he no doubt will find such agents at his home—he can look over the various plans and select the one that meets his views. If he is in doubt regarding any of them I will be glad to give him any information within my power.

"J. S.," of Newark, Ohio, asks regarding the Western and Southern Company, of Ohio, and especially its endowment plan for children and adults up to the age of sixty years. He wants to know what becomes of the funds derived from lapses.—Ans. The company was organized in 1888 and reports admitted assets of \$112,000. I should not call this one of the strongest companies.

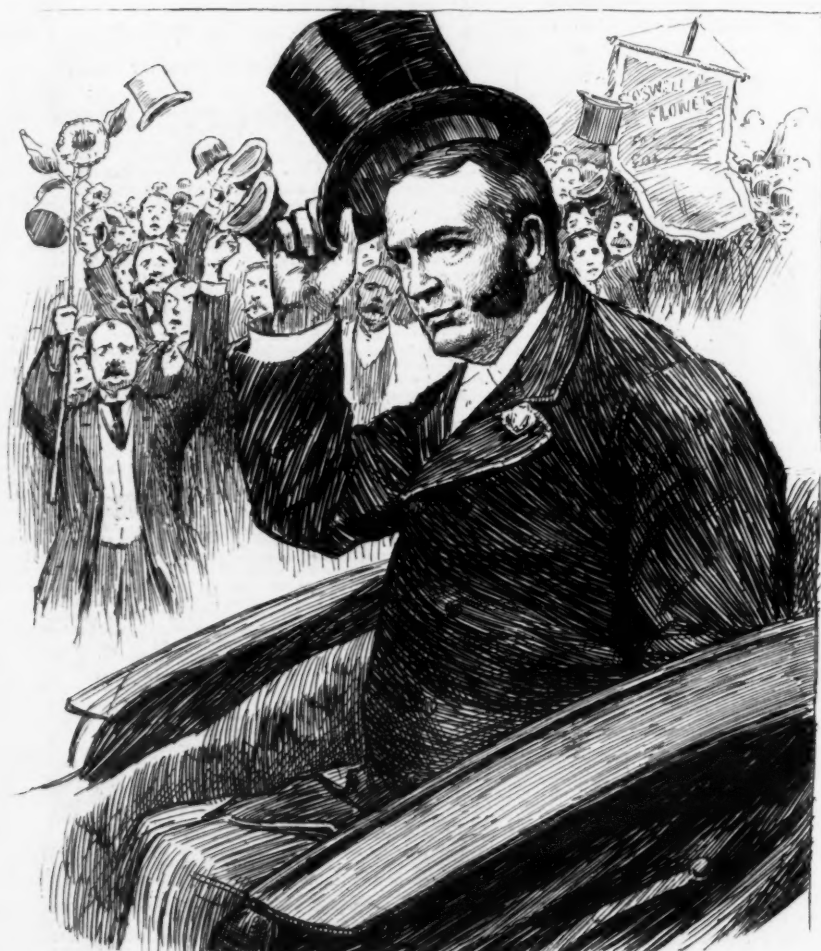
The Hermit



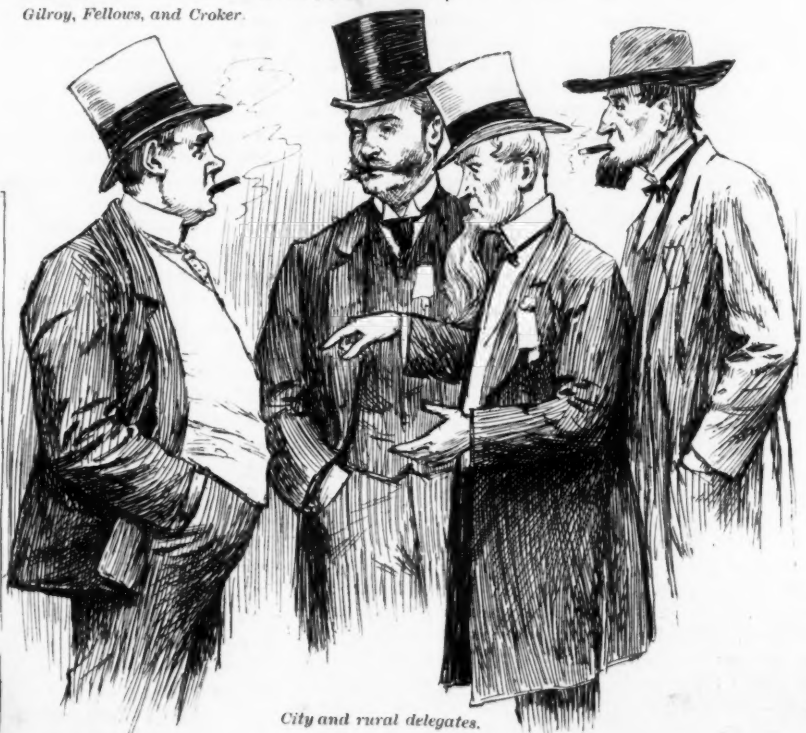
Mr. Sheehan before the Convention.



Gilroy, Fellows, and Croker.



Mr. Flower returns from the Convention.



City and rural delegates.



"We are Democrats from de ate Ward."



Bourke Cockran replies to Mr. DeWitt.

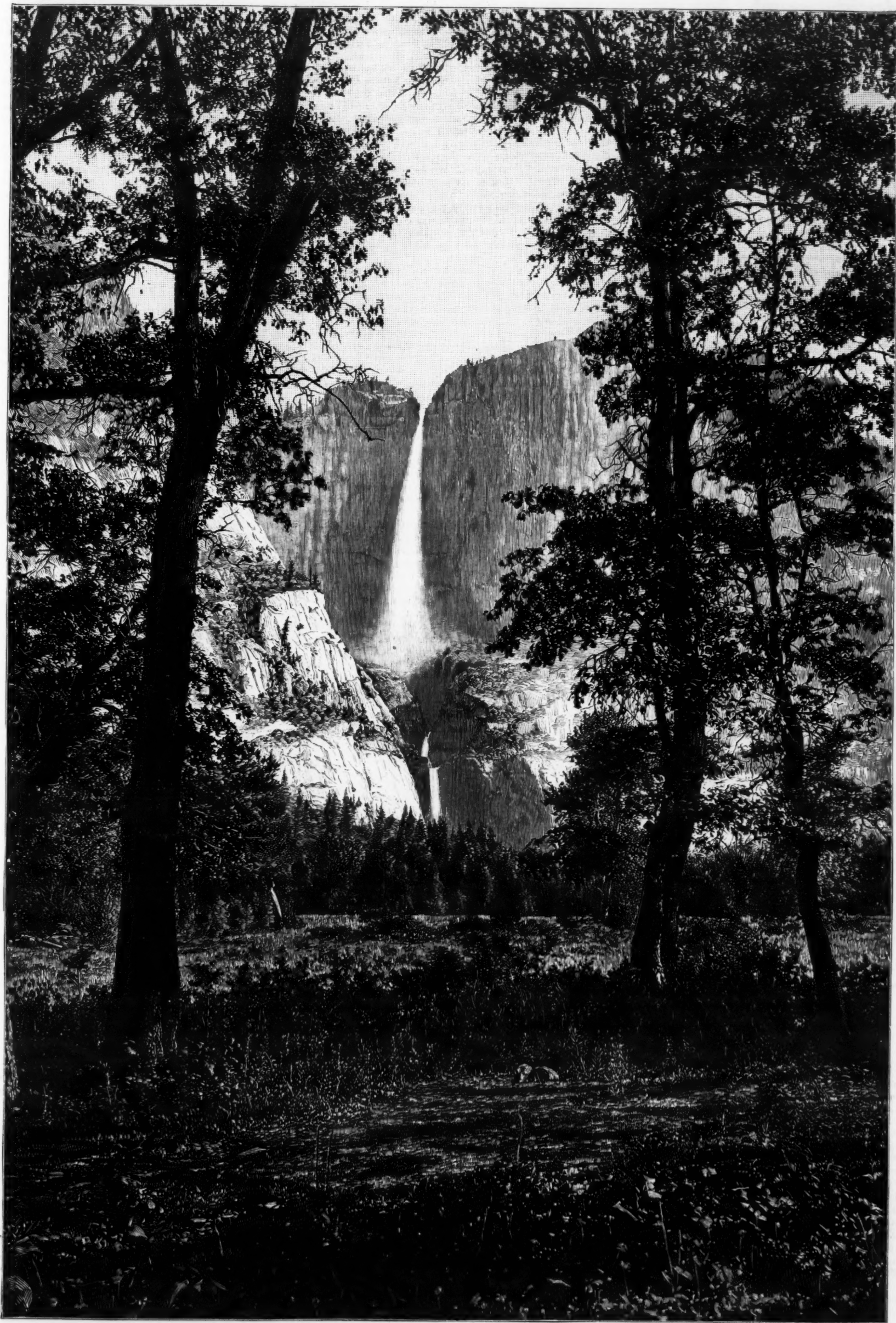


Hugh McLaughlin, stolid and sphinx-like, at the head of the Brooklyn delegation.



Hon. George Raines tries to secure order after Flower's nomination.

NEW YORK.—CHARACTER SKETCHES AT THE RECENT DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION AT SARATOGA.—DRAWN BY B. W. CLINEDINST.—[SEE PAGE 139.]



CALIFORNIA.—THE YOSEMITE FALLS, WITH A DESCENT OF TWO THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET.

FROM A PHOTO BY TABER, SAN FRANCISCO.—[SEE PAGE 139.]

OUR ALASKA EXPEDITION.

CONTINUATION OF A. B. SCHANZ'S NARRATIVE
—INTO THE NUSHAGAK BASIN.

II.

HERE are four great drainage basins which feed Behring Sea—the Yukon, the Kuskokvim, the Nushagak, and the Iliamna. All of these were reached in my travels, the first reasonably accurate map of the Kuskokvim having been made by me. The Yukon is of course the greatest river, and as we proceed southward the importance of the streams decreases geographically. The Kuskokvim is second in size, the Nushagak third, and the Kwichagak, which is the outlet of the Iliamna basin, fourth. Though when the climatic advantages be considered, the importance of the two southern streams is relatively greater for the development of the territory. The trip of which I am about to give an account covered a great portion of the Nushagak basin, and gave the first clear idea of the vast supply of water stored in Iliamna Lake and poured into Bristol Bay through the Kwichagak.

Early in the morning of January 29th of this year I made my final preparations for the departure of the expedition. My dogs,



AN ESQUIMAU SLED.

wonderfully shrewd specimens of their wolf-like breed, had gotten into the habit of distributing themselves over the Esquimau huts of Kanulik village, where many of them had spent their early youth, and where all of them managed to find better shelter from wintry blasts than at my quarters. For these brutes the Alaskan provides nothing to correspond to our dog-huts or kennels. The Esquimau draught dog, from his birth, is a creature of the open air, and, in fact, if he were treated with more consideration and afforded a warm abode he would lose that ruggedness which fits him so well for his work. So he lives in a snow-drift, in lee of a mud-hut if possible, and of an ice hummock if not. He is fed once a day, and obtains more food when he is idle than when he works, for the old Latin proverb "*Plenes venter non studet libenter*" fits this faithful animal. So when, in preparation for a long trip, he loafs about at home he receives double or even triple rations of fish, and grows stout and lazy. When his travels begin it takes some days before his limbs will move with the tireless, machine-like trot which is his characteristic. Each evening on the road he is thrown half a salmon, dry as a chip, with what little juice may be left in it frozen as hard as a rock. This he devours with astonishing rapidity. The one who gets through first usually manages to steal or force from one of his slower colleagues a crumb or two, and the meal usually ends in an intricate dog-fight, to which a fitting climax is put by a whipping from the formidable lash of the driver's black snake.

On the morning of January 29th, then, my first duty was to secure my dogs, and this, with the aid of a few of my Esquimaux and a tempting morsel of dried fish, was accomplished in a short

travel we each wore a fur cap, a very light overshirt of ground-squirrel skin furnished with a hood, under that a lamb's-wool shirt, a pair of woolen trousers, a suit of woolen underclothes, a pair of woolen stockings, and a pair of fur boots with plenty of straw in lieu of insoles. At eleven o'clock the load on my sled was tightly roped in. I aroused the dogs with the usual cry, which resembles the well-known cow-boy yell of the plains, my driver cracked his whip, and we started down the hill from my quarters to the ice on the Nushagak River. Here I was met by the two sleds of Clark and Shishkin. Mr. Clark had rigged up a flag-staff on the top of his sled, and from it fluttered gayly a brand-new American flag. The bluff overlooking the scene of our departure was covered with my round-faced Esquimau acquaintances of Kanulik, among whom, through participation in their winter dances and festivals, I had made many friends. The missionaries, Messrs. Wolf and Schoechert, and several Scandinavian cannery men, represented the Caucasian race among those who wished us Godspeed. We donned our snow-shoes, Mr. Clark gave the signal to his great leader Kamukpak (the big dog), and amid the reports of a few shots fired in salute the three teams, howling with energy, plunged into the snow-drifts and galloped northward. The expedition consisted of Angaiok (Clark), Ingokhluk (myself), Kossaiyarok (the little Cossak Shishkin), the Esquimaux, Anokhtoknagok, Apangesin, Tabai, and Achakhpauluk, and thirty-three dogs.

As I have stated, the road was bad, the ice on the river being covered with fluffy snow from one to four feet thick. The weather was mild and growing milder, and these circumstances soon caused the dogs to drop the wild gallop with which they had started, and to wallow more meekly through the drifts. As the temperature grew higher the snow began to pack on our snow-shoes in a way which made walking difficult, and we soon found that even the light clothing in which we had started was too warm for the arduous exercise. I may correct right here a popular fallacy regarding travel with dogs in the North. People at home have formed, from various reading and from impressions gained from early school geographies, the idea that a northern traveler packs himself into his furs on the dog sled and is whisked speedily over a glistening surface of ice by his dashing dogs. Such is not the case. At least not in Alaska. There are no wide steppes in our Arctic territory, the roads as a rule are hard ones for the dogs; it is only rarely that a stretch of smooth, clean ice is encountered, and therefore it is considered among the travelers of Alaska a point of honor to refrain from riding on the sled unless the path is exceptionally fine or the traveler is afflicted by illness or overcome with fatigue. The dog outfits are looked upon as means for transporting provisions, clothing, and camp equipage. Therefore we walked, and to a person comparatively unused to snow-shoes, like myself, the walking was not easy. Our first day's work, therefore, did not bring us far, and we camped in a small grove of scattered spruce about ten miles from Kanulik, on the eastern bank of the Nushagak. The quantities of snow we had encountered were not encouraging, but it is generally accepted that the western coast-strip always has a heavier snow-fall than the colder regions of the mountains in the interior, and we lived in the hope that a few days at least would bring us out of a region an hour's walk in which would drive even a "beautiful snow" poet to suicide. Immediately opposite our camping-place the Nushagak River makes a huge bend

about our persons. In such cases it is a rule to go into camp at once, for should, as is frequently the case, the wind change a point or two and bring on a low degree of cold, escape from freezing to death would be almost impossible. Accordingly we sought shelter in a clump of willow brush, where we did the best we could toward getting dry before nightfall. The snow-storm continued the rest of the day and through the night, and made the road, which had already been bad enough, positively appalling. Even the dogs were averse to continuing their work, and several of them refused to come to harness in the morning. One of my own pets was skylarking a hundred yards from camp, and I foolishly undertook to capture him, in consequence of which endeavor I soon suffered from a ragged wound through the forearm, inflicted by one wolfish snap of the dog's powerful jaws. In a few minutes the swelling and pain made it impossible for me to use my arm to advantage, and in my anger at the brute I decided to kill him, and drew my six-shooter for the purpose. My man Tabai, however, pleaded pitifully for the dog's life, and promised to hitch him up if I would relent. He fulfilled the promise, and carried away two severe wounds through the palm of his left hand, which so perfectly perforated that member as to make them look like bullet wounds. The dog, however, eventually proved an admirable worker.

After we had started we made about a mile to the eastward along the river bank, and then went up a valley to the northward and crossed a vast steppe of frozen tundra, cutting off the great eastern bend of the river. The day ended in another sleet storm, and we were again saturated with moisture when we reached the river. We were only able to peg away for a mile or two through the soft snow on the river ice, and were compelled finally to camp three miles below a group of hills where we had intended to sleep. We had now traveled three days, and were not yet fifty miles from Nushagak,—a miserable beginning for a trip on which, as it turned out afterward, we were pursued by adverse weather.

Sunday, February 1st, brought a slight improvement in conditions, and, at any rate, we had the satisfaction of reaching the village of Kakwok early in the afternoon. This village is located on a high bluff on the left bank of the Nushagak, at the mouth of the Kakwok River, which here empties into the Nushagak. As an approach to the houses the natives had constructed a kind of toboggan-slide, which was as dangerous as such affairs usually are. It was a difficult matter, climbing up that steep and slippery surface, and we were still wondering how we were to mount the bluff when, somebody having given the alarm, the whole population appeared at the summit. With great display of energetic hospitality the buck Esquimaux passed down a long lariat of seal-skin, which our men attached to the tow-line of each sled as it came along. The population, then, amid great laughter, "tailed onto" the rope and easily yanked each outfit in succession up the treacherous inclined plane.

The village of Kakwok consists of two barabras and one kassigima, though the remains of other huts show it to have been at one time a much larger settlement. The Esquimaux, in building his house, takes his model from the beaver, the habitation consisting of two dug-outs, covered with dome-like mud roofs and connected by a tunnel. One of the two compartments is much smaller than the other, and it is only through this vestibule-like contrivance that there is communication with the outer world.



THE SLEDGE EXPEDITION—A HALT FOR REST.

time. The half-savage brutes, who in spite of their wild natures frequently showed a rough affection for me, were harnessed in five pairs to the long tow-line attached to the sled, only the leader having the prerogative of running alone at the head of the team. As soon as the dogs feel the pressure of their harness they at once become quiet, sensible, and anxious for business. Now came the packing of the sled. Of the typical Esquimau sled an excellent engraving is herewith published. The sleds used on our trip were similar in construction, but were put together with the use of civilized tools, and instead of being shod with long strips of whale-rib, had their runners protected by strips of hoop-iron. They were much lighter than the average Esquimau sled, mine, for example, weighing only seventy-five pounds. It had been arranged that each sled should be packed with two hundred and fifty pounds weight of outfit. Before this weight is arranged in the sled a great sheet of heavy drilling or duck is placed in the bottom, enough overlap being allowed to cover the load after it is packed. We were all equipped with light sleeping-sacks made of marmot skins. My own bedding, further than which I used nothing the coldest nights, weighed only thirteen and a half pounds. Our heavy fur clothing, our spare underclothing, and the three extra pairs of fur boots which are essential for an Arctic trip were packed in the sled. For

to the eastward, or, rather, from the eastward, and inasmuch as our intended general direction was almost due north, it became advantageous for us, next day, to cross the river. At eight o'clock we left our first camp and undertook this laborious task. We were still below the head of tide-water, and the action of the tides had successively broken up and piled in chaotic masses the ice crusts which had been formed by the winter's cold waves. Sometimes it seemed as if a huge section of such a crust, ten yards square, perhaps, and six feet thick, had been lifted bodily, set on edge, and used as a target for nature's forces, employed in hurling at it similar icebergs. Over this rugged surface of sharp and jagged edges of ice we were compelled to make our way. Half the time the sleds were dragging on their sides, and our unfortunate dogs had many narrow escapes from being crushed by the load when it took some sudden dive into a crevice. Frequently, also, one or the other outfit became jammed between ice hummocks, and in such cases the crew of the sled in trouble would be compelled to extricate themselves from their predicament, a problem for the solution of which the efforts of the faithful dogs were not rarely disadvantageous.

Before we got across we were overtaken by a heavy snow and sleet storm, which in a twinkling had soaked everything

The main compartment, in the centre of its roof, has a scuttle which serves imperfectly as a vent for smoke and as a means of access for light. These dug-outs are very warm and comfortable, although but rarely is a fire made in the living-room. The cooking is almost exclusively done in the ante-hut, which is also allowed in some villages to serve as a shelter for dogs. The inhabitants of the barabras sleep on the floor in their ordinary fur clothing and without bedding, curling up usually in indiscriminate heaps of humanity. The kassigima, which is an essential of every Esquimau village, is the home of the single men, and therefore corresponds to our bachelors' apartments, and it also does duty as a public hall in which occur all great dances, festivals, and pow-wows of the tribe. In its general construction the kassigima resembles the barabra, being built, however on a much larger scale. Its main room is usually floored with hewn timber, and along the walls on its four sides are arranged long planks like shelves, on which the lonesome bachelors find their nightly rest. Immediately below the scuttle there is a depression which serves as a fire-place for heating the room to the temperature necessary for a sweat-bath, in which capacity the kassigima is employed at least once a day. No cooking is done in this building, but the squaws from the different barabras at meal time are seen in procession on their way to their bachelor friends, carry-

ing as love-offerings wooden bowls with savory stews of decayed fish and more savory desserts of huckleberries and seal oil. Strangers are usually entertained in the kassigima, but white men are welcomed in any barabra.

The people of Kakwok received us most hospitably, their cordiality being really refreshing, and assumed upon themselves all the work usual at a stop, such as unhitching the dogs, unpacking and caching the goods, and putting up our conveyances out of reach of the dogs. An old friend of Mr. Clark's, Pikh-luyok, invited us into his barabra, where we enthroned ourselves with him in the midst of twenty-eight natives, and had a tea-party. The kassigima where we slept in Kakwok is exceptionally large, and is noted for its huge side planks, which are about five inches thick, three feet broad, and fifty feet in length, and which reminded me of the celebrated planks of Oogavigamute on the Kuskokvim. These noted boards were famed far and wide among the Innuits, and there is a "yarn" still extant that the Oogavigs, during the internecine wars, carried these boards with them on their fighting expeditions, to use them as breastworks. Unfortunately, in the spring of 1890, before Greenfield and I visited Oogavigamute, the high water and the ice had carried away the great kassigima, planks and all.

During the evening in Kakwok, Mr. Clark, Anokhtoknagok, and I struggled for the first time with the census problem. The tribal language here being the Keyattensa, the same almost as that spoken by my own Esquimaux, the enumeration was accomplished in this village without any trouble. Mr. Clark interpreted my English reading of the questions into Russian, Anokhtoknagok forwarded them in Esquimaux, and the replies reached me in reverse order. The village of Kakwok was inhabited at this time by forty-six souls, and a number of dogs stunted by starvation in youth. The first barabra contained twenty-two and the second twenty-three persons, the kassigima being inhabited by one lonesome old widower, who occupied himself chiefly with whittling.

A. B. SCHANZ.

AN INSIDE GLIMPSE OF THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

THE State conventions in New York this year have been regarded with profound interest by politicians everywhere in the United States. They looked to them to see what policy would be formulated by the contending parties on the eve of a national election.

The prominent men of the Democracy of New York, those who are numbered with the half-dozen leaders, are familiar by name alone to the people. Our artist has very cleverly presented their features in this week's issue, so that they may be recognized and known of all men.

Of course at the head of the Democracy in New York stands Governor Hill, the shrewdest politician the party has had since the days of Martin Van Buren. The pupil of Tilden, he has surpassed his master in all the arts, the stratagems, the schemes and plots of politics. He was not present at the State convention, but it was his strong hand that pulled the wires throughout.

Very cleverly it was given out that the Governor was not the prevailing mind in the management of affairs. It was foreseen that the feeling against him on the part of the adherents of Cleveland would jeopardize the success of any ticket that was defiantly proclaimed to be "a Hill ticket." So it was shrewdly given out that Governor Hill's power had been overthrown, and that Edward Murphy, the smiling and affable chairman of the State Committee, and Mr. Sheehan, of Buffalo, Governor Hill's right-hand man in the Legislature, had both quarreled with the executive. When the ticket was made it was said that it was not a Hill ticket, that Governor Hill had been overthrown, and all the mugwumps were invited to support it.

The truth is that there has been no quarrel. Mr. Murphy, during the progress of the convention, said to a close and intimate friend, when the matter was mentioned: "There never has been a difference between the Governor and myself," and Mr. Sheehan, also during the convention, said to a warm personal friend, with emphatic declaration: "Governor Hill is my friend."

The convention was the noisiest that the Democracy has held since John Kelly was a disturbing factor. The Kings County delegation stood solidly, from first to last, against the naming of Mr. Flower for the Governorship. They insisted that to nominate a millionaire, a Wall Street man, a monopolist, would be against all the platforms and the policy of the Democracy; that it would alienate the working masses who make up so large a part of its vote, and would lead inevitably to disaster. Not only did Kings County believe this, but it defiantly said it before the convention, while hisses and cheers contended for the mastery.

During all this contest, serenely at the front sat the imperturbable "Dick" Croker, the head of Tammany Hall, the pug-nacious and demonstrative Bourke Cockran on his right, and an ex-Confederate soldier, now a Tammany Hall Congressman, Colonel Fellows, on his left. Mr. Gilroy, the great dispenser of Tammany Hall patronage in New York, was near by. The faces of all these are well depicted by Mr. Clinedinst, our special representative at the convention.

Mr. George Raines, of Rochester, a smooth, conciliating gentleman, made an excellent presiding officer, and was just the kind of a man to suppress the ill-feeling bursting out at intervals. The Brooklyn boss, McLaughlin, the most non-committal and reticent of men, sat silently, throughout the convention, leaning on his cane, watching proceedings with an eagle eye.

Mr. Flower had the warmest welcome that the convention gave to any man excepting when Governor Hill was mentioned. Mr. Sheehan, the nominee for the Lieutenant-Governorship, a wiry, alert, and active young politician, much after the make-up of the Governor himself, is an eloquent speaker, and is depended upon to do much of the stumping of the State for the ticket. Our artist presents him in one of his favorite platform attitudes.

THE YOSEMITE FALLS.

THE Yosemite Falls, of which we give an illustration on page 138, and which rank among the most remarkable waterfalls of the world, constitute a principal attraction of the Yosemite Valley. The summit of the upper fall is nearly 2,600 feet above the valley. For 1,500 feet the descent is absolutely vertical, the

rock rising like a wall of masonry, over which the water sways and sweeps, yielding to the force of the fitful wind with endless varieties of form and color. Then the torrent pours for 600 feet in partly hidden cataracts, and finally makes a leap of 400 feet into the basin below.

The waterfall presents varying phases from different points of view, and its wonderful beauties and attractions have never yet been adequately described by any pen or pencil. Our picture is from a photograph by Taber, the well-known photographer of San Francisco.

W. E. D. STOKES.

THE great political bee is just now doing some loud buzzing and whispering the names of possible candidates for the various city and national offices. Since each party has, with great satisfaction to itself, just nominated a Governor and State ticket, leading questions have become settled, and the nominations for local offices occupy attention. Many candidates, like the summer girl, are popular for the moment, to be set aside for some more substantial and eligible person when the leaves begin to fall.

One name has persistently kept in the foreground from the beginning, and now attracts more general attention. It comes from Tammany for the office of Representative in Congress for the Tenth Congressional District. This means something, for at the election last year Tammany had thirteen thousand votes out of a total of eighteen thousand, and William Earl Dodge Stokes is a gentleman of education and large wealth. Tone and prestige are attached to the family name.

He is a New-Yorker by birth. Within the Tenth District lies his family home and his own birth-place. Anson G. Phelps, his mother's father, was the founder of the mercantile house of Phelps, Dodge & Co., in which his father, James Stokes, became a partner. The families of Phelps, Stokes, and Dodge became leaders among merchants and eminent in financial circles, James Stokes afterward forming the banking house of Phelps, Stokes & Co. Anson G. Phelps, in the beginning of this century, lived in Pearl Street, and thence moved to the hill on the East River, above Kip's bay, where he owned a large tract east of Second Avenue, from Twenty-eighth to Thirty-fourth streets. It was in one of the cottages upon this country-seat that W. E. D. Stokes was born.

When the streets and avenues were cut through, James Stokes built the house number 37 Madison Square, and resided there until his death. It is still occupied by the family. Thomas Stokes, the father of James Stokes, lived at 45 Wall Street; was a prominent man in his day, and gave the marble to the city from his quarries in Westchester County, with which the City Hall was built.

Anson G. Phelps was the right sort of man to found a family. Of sturdy New England origin and Puritan faith, his mind was broad and his spirit eminently philanthropic. He was one of the founders of the American Bible Society, of the Colonization Society, and of many others, and held high offices in them all. Catholics and Protestants, the negroes and the immigrants, alike had his cordial sympathy and efforts. His will was strong and his moral force effective, and his many traits reappear in his grandson.

W. E. D. Stokes is the youngest of the four sons of James Stokes. He was graduated from Yale with high standing and with hosts of friends. He has devoted himself strictly to business and the improvement of his fortune, giving very little time to clubs or social entertainments, never idle, never betting, never smoking, and being almost abstemious at the table; and of this devotion he has reaped the reward.

In the World's Fair contention, two years ago, he held a very arduous position on the committee on legislation, and was its secretary. On this committee, headed by Mr. Depew, fell the weight of the legislation and discussions whether the fair should be held in this city or in Chicago. He worked to secure the fair for the good of the laborers and people of this city, because he realized the great benefits of it; and when it was given to Chicago he clearly predicted the enormous accessions it would bring to the prosperity of that city, now beginning to be seen, though then dimly discerned.

He is a leader in west-side improvements along the beautiful Riverside Park, and has very large property interests there. It was in order to attend closely to these that he established his up-town office in one of his many houses on West Seventy-third Street, and made it a partial residence, while he still kept his suite of rooms at the Worth House on Madison Square. The improvements in that region are due to his foresight and energy, and he has been active in introducing the new styles of domestic architecture and the civilized pavement, the asphalt, now coming into general use.

While he avoids the usual modes of amusement, he takes pride in his stable for the exercise in the open air it gives him. His horses are very fine, and wherever exhibited have taken the first prizes of their class.

He is a member of the Manhattan, of the Union League, the St. Nicholas, the Lawyers', the Country, the Meadowbrook, and the Colonial clubs, and of the Down-Town Association, and was prominent on the entertainment committee of the Washington Centennial celebration in 1889.

In politics he is a Democrat and the son of a Democrat, for to his father, James Stokes, a great friend of Mr. Tilden, a nomination for Mayor was once offered by Tammany, so by tradition, as well as by personal regard, he stands well with Mr. Croker and the Tammany leaders. His uncle, Hon. William E. Dodge, from whom he was named, was for a long term a member of Congress from this city, and a representative merchant.

Mr. Stokes is a bachelor, about thirty-five years old. He is tall, strong, and well-formed, with keen eyesight and active movements, a lover of the arts, skillful in architecture and decoration, an acute investigator and a hard student. With strict integrity in handling his facts, no one sees a point more readily, no one generalizes more broadly, and no one is more direct and forcible in expressing his conclusions. His business education in banking, by which he has succeeded to his father's position as the representative of his family, has given him strong friendships among the leaders in finance and in the great enterprises of the country.

With such mental methods, his fine appearance and his affable manners make him a favorite wherever he goes. Add to this, and to the business accuracy in which he has been trained, a very kindly and generous nature, full of acts of private liberality, a high tone and insensibility to any but lofty considerations, democratic and frank in his dealings with men, and you will seek far before you will meet another who will do more for, or win a larger place in the hearts of, the people. AMERICUS.

WALL STREET.—THE BOOM.

THE failure of S. V. White, right at the height of the buoyancy of the market, came like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. The effect was feverish and reactionary. It offered the opportunity the bears had sought and they tried their best to take advantage of it.

Of course the market is always open to just such sudden shocks. They may come, as they once came, by a great fire at Chicago, or by the hand of an assassin, as at the time when Garfield fell; by the failure of a great banking-house, like that of Jay Cooke, and in many ways. But the White failure is an incident, not an event, and the bulls made haste to forget it. Those of my readers, however, who were prepared to take advantage of the reaction will profit by the purchases they made at the decline.

It looks to me as if we were to have a bull year. It is a good time, therefore, not only to buy stocks and bonds but also to enter into business affairs; to buy real estate, gas and bank stocks—in fact, anything good that has been depressed during the past few years. Some have believed that there might be one serious obstacle in the way of a bull movement, and that is dear money. Of course general prosperity will mean a higher rate for money because it will mean a more general demand for funds.

The lowest rates of money are usually made when business is most depressed and when no one wants to borrow and few care to lend. I look for a stiff six-per-cent. money market. There may be reactions in stocks; but the men who a few weeks ago were waiting for a reaction lost ten points by not getting in in time; and others who hesitated a week or two more lost fifteen to twenty-five points. Some people think that the market has had a big rise, and yet veteran operators on the Street say that, considering the remarkable situation of affairs, "nothing has had a big rise as yet."

QUERIES ANSWERED.

Jasper:—Will you kindly state, in the next issue of FRANK LESLIE'S if possible, in the order of your preference, which of the following you would prefer to purchase on a ten-per-cent. margin: Canada Southern at 60; Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, 45; Richmond Terminal, 12; Chicago Gas, 50; Pacific Mail, 39; Wheeling and Lake Erie, 37; Wabash preferred, 31; Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé income bonds, 65; Texas Pacific seconds, 33; Northern Pacific fives, 83; St. Louis Southwestern, 29; Richmond and West Point Terminal fives, 54; Wabash Debentures, "series B," 50. A reply will be thoroughly appreciated by B. H. L.

BROOKLYN, September 17th, 1891.
Ans.—My order of preference for these stocks would be, first, Texas Pacific seconds; second, Wheeling and Lake Erie; third, Wabash; fourth, Canada Southern. I say this considering the present condition of the market and the rise the stocks have sustained. I would add that the Wabashes, Missouri, Kansas and Texas common or preferred, or Texas Pacific incomes, and Wheeling and Lake Erie to my mind are preferable to Richmond Terminal, though it is said the friends of the last mentioned are trying to give it a rapid advance so as to enable them to get out of their heavy holdings.

Jasper:—I have been reading your letters in this paper and they interest me very much. I have about a thousand dollars to invest in something, and will you kindly advise me what to buy through your column?
LYNN, September 17th, 1891.

Ans.—I would not advise "Beginner" to buy anything on a margin. If he wants to make a speculative investment let him buy some Texas Pacific seconds. These are good speculative bonds, and I think there will be money in them for "Beginner" if he will hold them. If he prefers to speculate in stocks let him take Wheeling and Lake Erie common, or Kansas and Texas preferred.

Dear Jasper:—(1) I would like to have your opinion on the following stocks which I have bought lately at the following prices: Chicago Gas at 49½; Louisville, 78½; Richmond Terminal, 11¾; Burlington and Quincy, 96; and Reading, 36¾. Please state what you think I will make out of the stocks if I hold them three or four months. I hold six hundred shares in all. I only want to know how many points you think they will rise inside of that period. (2) If not too much trouble I would like to know your opinion on December wheat for a long investment.
CHATTANOOGA, TENN., September 15th, 1891.

Ans.—(1) I believe my correspondent has had an opportunity to gather in a fair profit on his investment. It is impossible to predict how much further the rise will extend in three or four months. There is a difference of opinion on Wall Street. Some of the exuberant bulls look for a rise of from twenty to thirty points further on some of the stocks mentioned. (2) I should prefer to buy spring wheat for a long investment rather than December wheat.
Dear Jasper:—Do you not think that Louisville, New Albany and Chicago is selling at a very low price when you consider its position as being to a certain extent one of the so-called "corn roads"? It is said that it handles fifty-six per cent. of the freight traffic between Louisville and Chicago. In 1890 the highest price was 54½, and even in the panicky days of last November it did not go below 25. I wish to add that your letters are eagerly read by many people in this city.
NEW HAVEN, CONN., September 16th, 1891.

Ans.—The road mentioned by my correspondent I think is in a very promising condition. It is in good hands now, and has a valuable entrance into Chicago, which must bring it a great deal of business during the World's Fair. I do not think the road should "bank" so much on the corn crop as on the general prospects of its future promises.

Jasper:—Will you kindly enlighten me, through the medium of FRANK LESLIE, as to your opinion of the value of New York and Erie common and preferred stocks as an investment? I know (to my cost) it has not amounted to much in the past, but it does seem to me that, with the advantages the railroad has and the enormous business it does, there should be a dividend ahead in the near future for at least the preferred stock. Do you think I am justified in holding this opinion, or would you advise me to get rid of my stock, common and preferred, at present favorable figures of the stock market? And oblige,
Respectfully, D. M.

NEWARK, N. J., September 17th, 1891.
Ans.—I do not think the Erie stocks are an "investment" to-day. They are a good speculation. The road has been put in much better shape and there are many who believe that an increase of business, such as can be expected in a prosperous year, would make the preferred a dividend-payer. I would not sell the stocks unless I realized what they cost me.

Friend Jasper:—Having bought Canada Southern last fall at a very low price, and still holding same, thought I would ask you your opinion in regard to same—if you think it will go to 65 or not.
Yours very truly, O. L.

PORTLAND, ME., September 12th, 1891.
Ans.—I have no doubt that Canada Southern is good for 65. A great many think it will touch 85. I would advise "O. L." to sell it when he has a good profit. When the market subsides let him wait patiently for a reaction and make another turn.

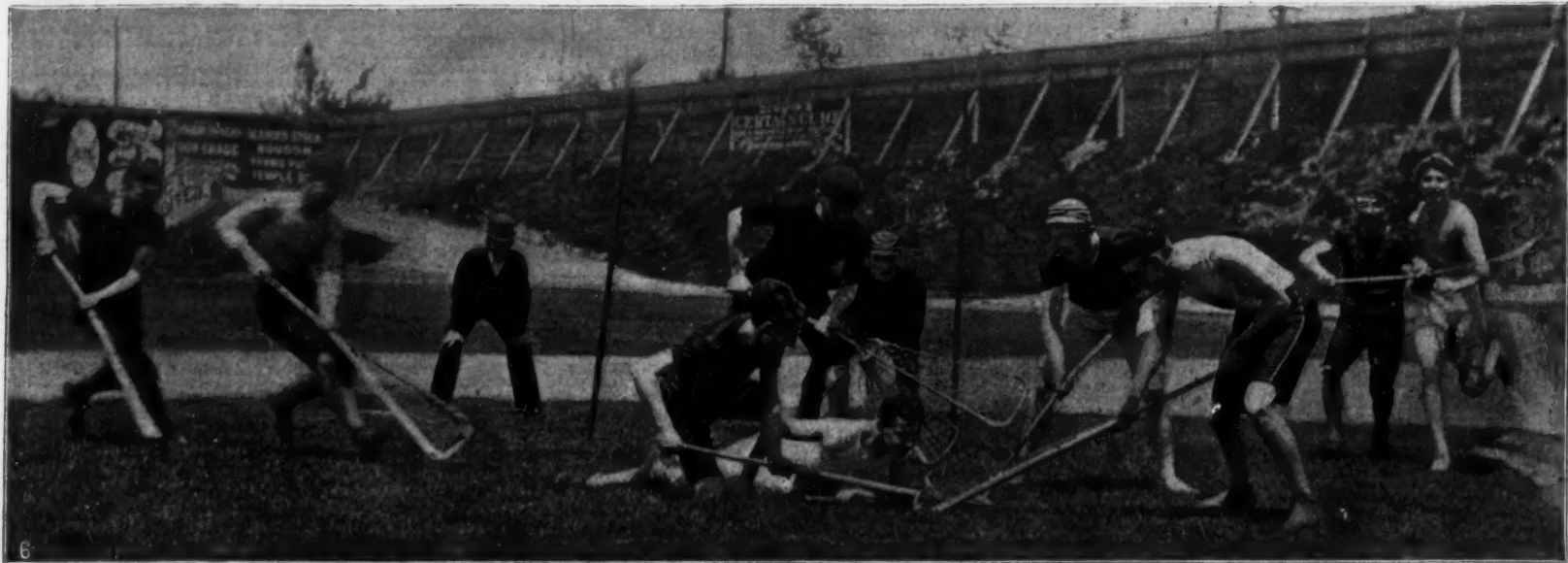
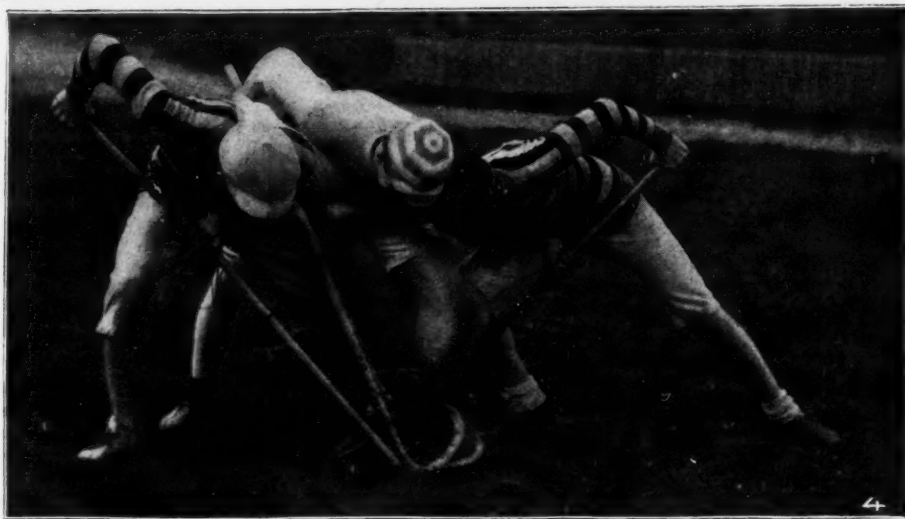
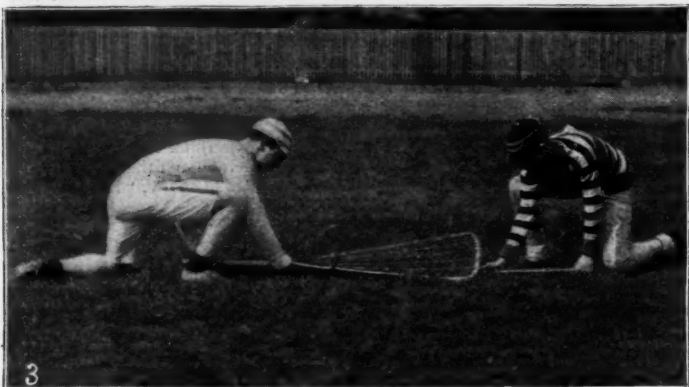
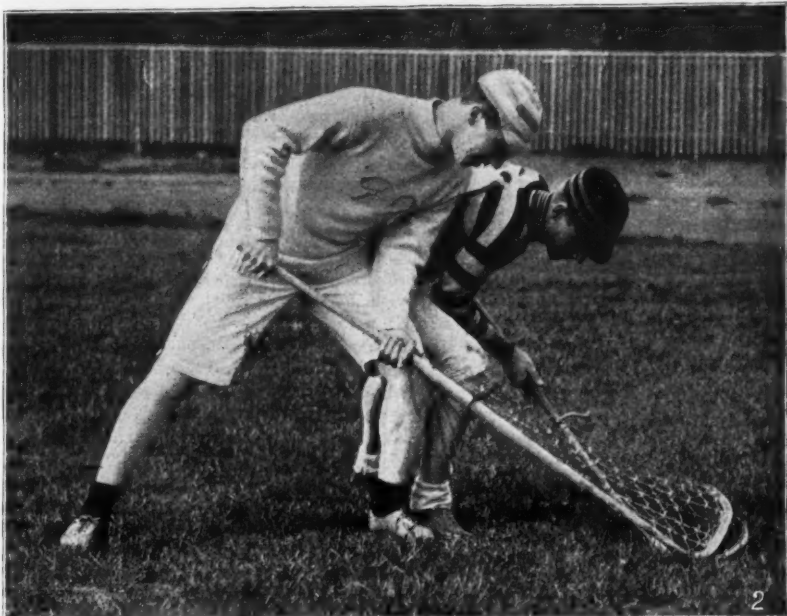
Jasper:—I would like to know through your column your opinion of the American Investment Union of No. 280 Broadway, New York.
CARSON CITY, NEV., September 10th, 1891.

Ans.—I can say nothing of the American Investment Union. It is not dealt in on Wall Street. I refer my correspondent to the commercial agencies.

Jasper:—In FRANK LESLIE'S of the 12th inst., you advise investment in low-priced railroad bonds, which has interested me much. I have \$1,000 which I would like to invest. Will you kindly advise of one or two which you think or prefer as the best investment. What do you think of "Ontario and Western" stock?
F. S.

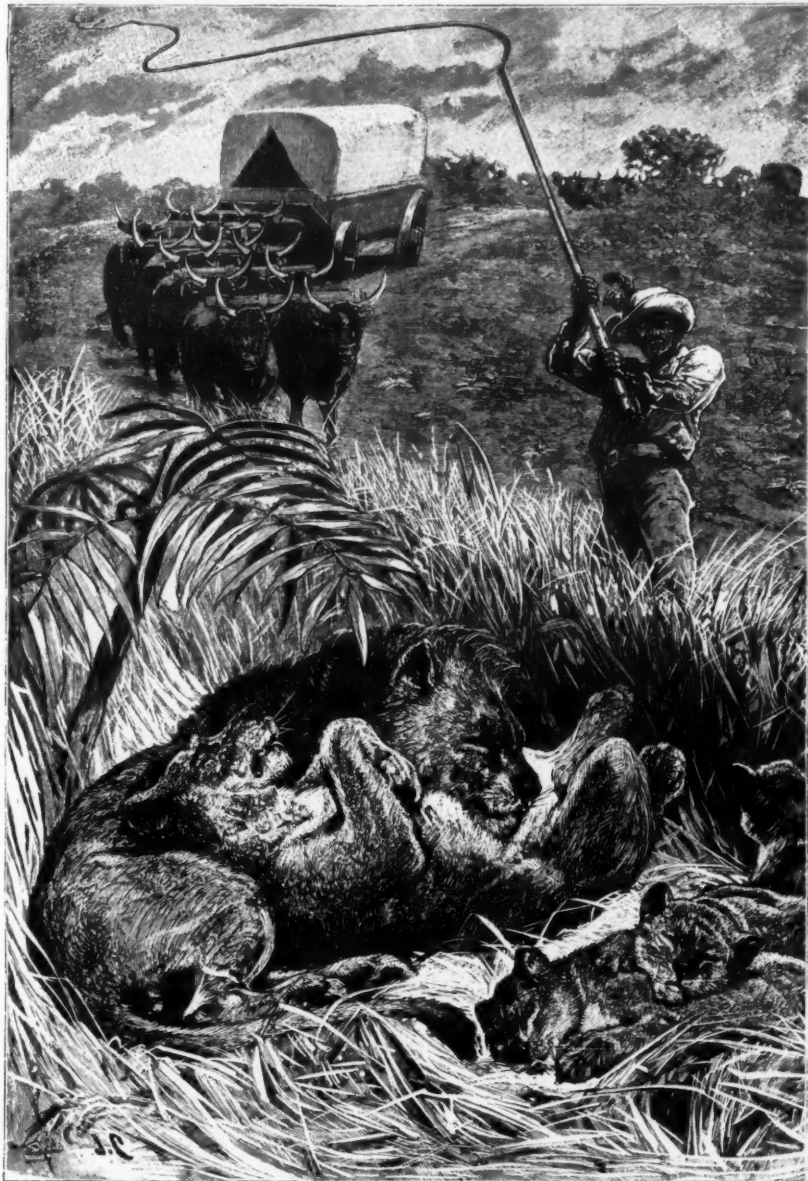
NEW YORK, September 10th, 1891.
Ans.—Almost any of the low-priced railroad bonds furnish a safer basis for speculation than the low-priced railroad stocks. I have mentioned several of the low-priced bonds in this column. I need not particularize. Any first-class broker can give the names as well as I can. My readers will save time and trouble if they will follow my column more closely and not compel me unnecessarily to repeat. The Reading Income, Texas Pacific, and St. Louis and Southwestern are among the low-priced bonds that move rapidly when the market advances. (2) Ontario and Western is a speculative stock, which is too apt to be manipulated to suit me.

"Constant Reader," of Baltimore, Md., asks (1) for my objection to the Laclede Gas fives; (2) for information concerning the American Tobacco Company, and whether it has good men at its head; (3) what I think of Texas and Pacific first fives.—Ans. (1) The Laclede bonds are considered good by a great many persons. I would not call them a first-class investment security. (2) The American Tobacco Company will be prosperous as long as it is in good hands. I do not care to say more than this. Further information can be had from the commercial agencies. (3) I think well of Texas and Pacific first fives at present prices.
JASPER.



1. THWARTED! 2. AN EVEN SCRAMBLE. 3. "FACING." 4. AN UNEVEN SCRAMBLE. 5. A SLICK PASS. 6. A GOOD SCRIMMAGE.

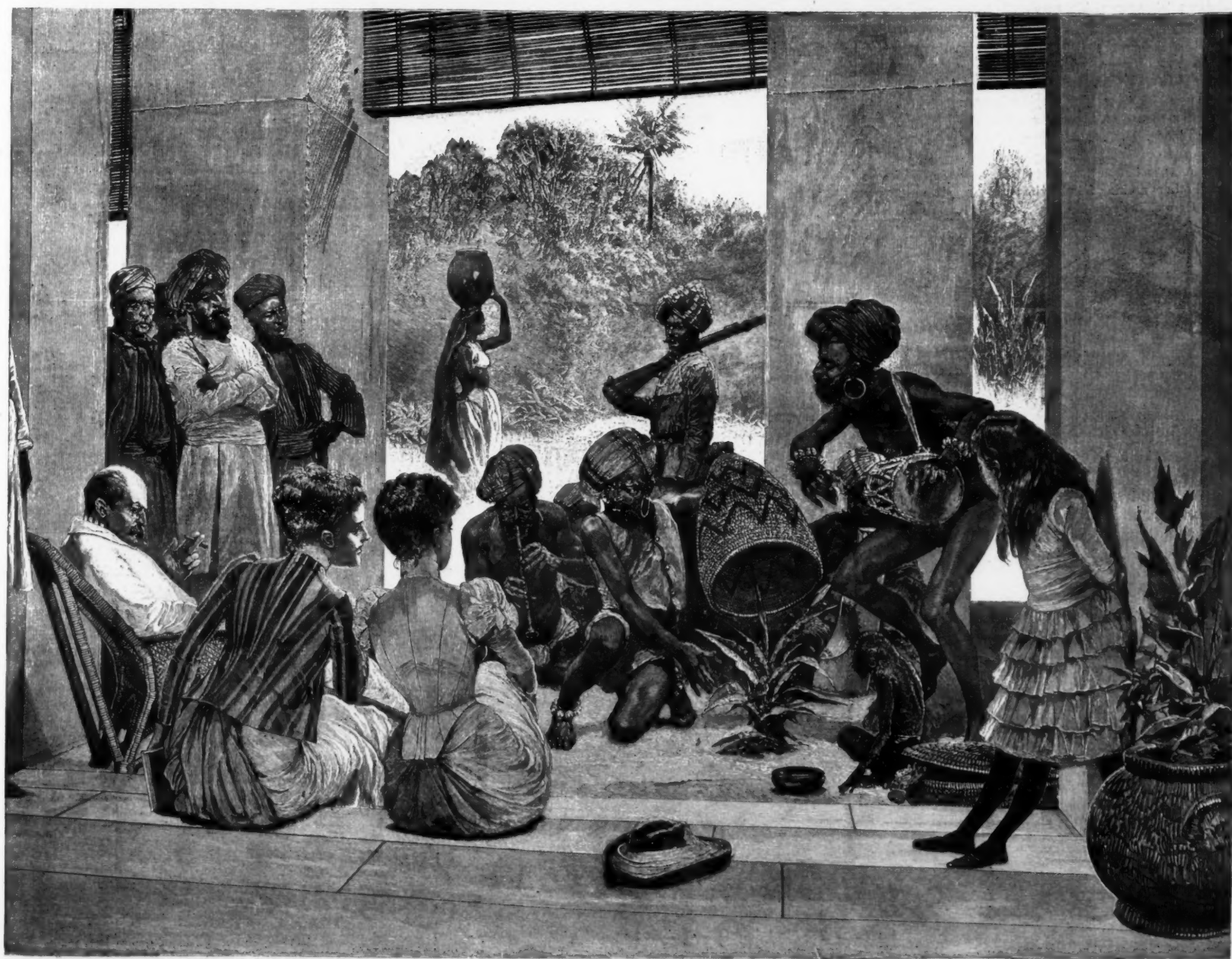
THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION STRUGGLE FOR THE LACROSSE CHAMPIONSHIP.—FROM PICTURES BY OUR OWN ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 133.]



ATTACKING A BROOD OF LIONS—AN INCIDENT OF SOUTH AFRICAN TRAVEL.



ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA, "CARMEN SYLVA."



JUGGLING IN INDIA—CONJURERS CAUSING A PLANT TO GROW.



MINNEINNEOPA. NEAR MANKATO.

MANKATO.

ONE OF MINNESOTA'S MOST PROSPEROUS AND PROMISING CITIES—ITS NATURAL WEALTH, HEALING SPRINGS, BUSY INDUSTRIES, AND NUMEROUS ATTRACTIONS.

MANKATO, seated in its amphitheatre of bluffs around the confluence of the Minnesota and Blue Earth rivers, has now become the metropolis of southwestern Minnesota. It is fully equipped with schools, colleges, churches, factories, and all the adjuncts of a prosperous city. Four railroads, the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha; Chicago and Northwestern; Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, and the Minneapolis and St. Louis, enter Mankato. The surrounding country for many miles in every direction is unsurpassed anywhere in adaptability for general farming and stock-raising. The soil of Blue Earth County seems to be inexhaustible; farms cultivated for the last thirty years with judicious rotation of crops have not lost any of their original fertility. The happy combination of prairie and woodland, lake and stream, makes this a paradise for the farmer. Many beautiful large lakes are within easy riding distance of Mankato, among which Lake Madison, with its deep water, bold wooded shores, hotels, cottages, and fleets of boats, has become a favorite resort with New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, Omaha, and other Southern city people who seek in summer to find a cool, refreshing spot. An enterprising citizen, H. P. Christensen, of Mankato, realizing the advantages of the place, is laying out Fair Point, an illustration of which is shown in this issue. Tourists and others seeking delightful summer homes will find it in condition for building cottages next season. Its beautiful lo-



FRED. WIDELL'S STONE QUARRY.

cation, its pleasant drives and attractive parks, will make it a summer resort second to none in the State.

THE MANKATO MINERAL SPRINGS.

Not far from this lake are the Mankato Mineral Springs. Although but recently introduced to the general public, the medicinal qualities of these waters have been locally known and appreciated since the first settlement of the Minnesota River valley. The following testimonial is given by Dr. S. S. Kilvington, Superintendent of the Board of Health of Minneapolis:

"It is a gentle aperient, and its rich percentage of bicarbonate of sodium and magnesia makes it almost a specific for all stomach and intestinal disorders. Dyspepsia and its allied ailments are readily overcome by the use of this water."

The highest merit of this water is in the first stages of Bright's disease."

We append an analysis of Mankato Springs:

Sodium chloride.....	226
Sodium sulphate.....	1.47
Sodium phosphate.....	134
Sodium bicarbonate.....	6.59
Potassium sulphate.....	2.095
Calcium bicarbonate.....	23.074
Magnesium bicarbonate.....	8.010
Iron bicarbonate.....	2.150
Silica.....	837
Alumina.....	45.018

RICH NATURAL DEPOSITS.

Another chief source of Mankato's wealth is found in the vast deposits of building stone, lime and cement stone, brick, tile, and pottery clay found within its vicinity. Several miles of limestone quarries are now opened along the line of the principal railroads, all producing superior stone for every purpose of building, and for flagging, heavy bridge piers, and all constructions intended to withstand the effects of weather and frost. Thousands of car-loads are annually shipped to distant points. The quarry of Mr. Fred. Widell employs over two hundred men, and six immense steam derricks are used to handle the output of this quarry, while side tracks from each railroad give the best facility for shipping.

A CEMENT CENTRE.

The cement made at Mankato is extensively used throughout the Northwest, and is pronounced one of the best of natural cements. The mills and warehouses of the prosperous Standard Cement Company cover acres of ground, and produce from 800 to 1,000 barrels of cement daily. Large quantities of brick are made from Mankato clay. Excellent clay for pottery and drain-tiles is found abundantly in the vicinity.



OFFICE OF THE SAULPAUGH HOTEL.

A FAMOUS FLOUR.

Minnesota flour is known the world over, and famous even among Minnesota mills is that of R. D. Hubbard & Co., Mankato, Minn. Furnished with the best modern machinery, under the personal supervision of one of the best milling engineers in the country (a member of the firm), and situated in the "big woods" region, which has long been famous for the superior quality of its Scotch Fife wheat, and enjoying unexcelled advantages for obtaining the choicest wheat from several lines of railroad traversing the most fertile sections of Minnesota and Dakota, this mill produces flour that easily ranks with the most famous brands in the United States. Many customers pronounce it superior to any, and prefer it above every flour made. The mill enjoys an excellent trade, especially among dealers and bakers who use the best flour. It runs day and night, turning out a thousand barrels per day at its full capacity. Its brands, "Superlative," "Mankato," and "Otsego," sustain a justly merited reputation in domestic and foreign markets, and at even prices with other Minnesota flours English markets alone would take the entire product of the mill at all times. Correspondence is invited from consumers and buy-



THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

ers in all parts of the country who desire the choicest Minnesota flour.

LINSEED-OIL WORKS.

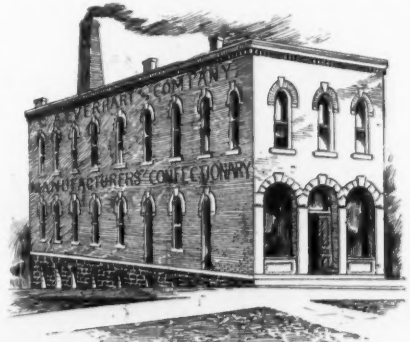
The Mankato Linseed-oil Works ships its oil and oil-cake to all parts of the United States and Europe, and provides an excellent market for flax-seed, which is raised in large quantities in Blue Earth County. The buildings and warehouses of the company are built of brick and stone in the most substantial manner.

AN EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE FOR TIN WARE.

The Standard Fibre Ware Company, another prosperous concern, was organized in 1885 with a capital of \$50. It has an extensive plant, a representation of which is given in this issue. It manufactures flax fibre into pails, wash-basins, and like articles. The goods are light, strong, handsome, and cleanly, finished artistically in various colors, with hand-painted decorations. They will not taint milk, get sour, or need scouring. They never lose their paint like tin, or break like crockery. Chamber ware, spittoons, and similar ware are japanned inside to resist alkalies, acids, and salts, and are almost indestructible. This company guarantees its work, agreeing to replace any that may fail. Their goods are now used in all parts of America, and are pronounced eminently satisfactory. It will pay our readers to use the fibre ware of this establishment.

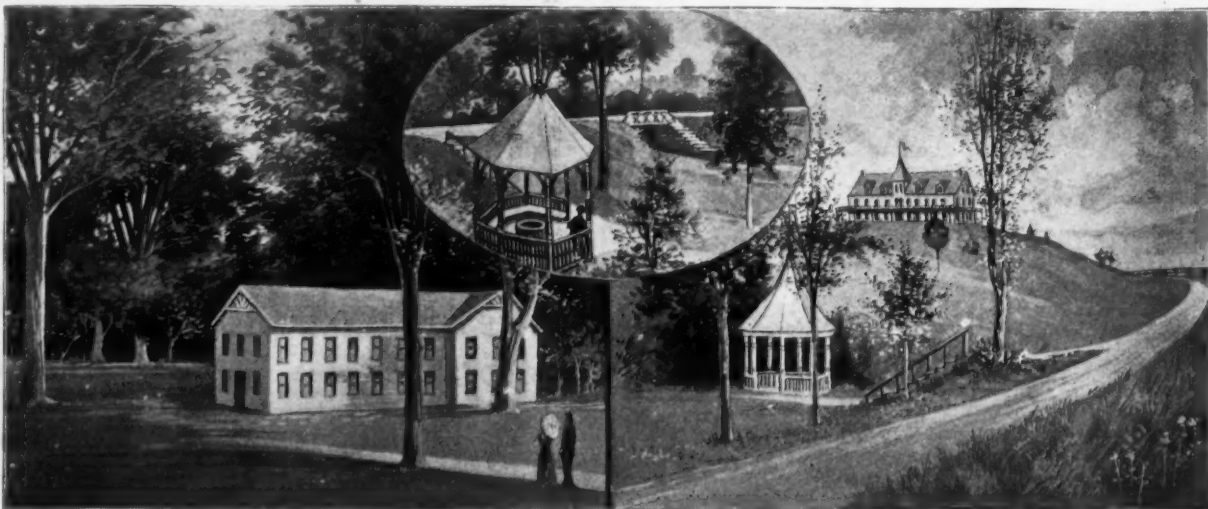
A PROSPEROUS INDUSTRY.

The firm of C. A. Everhart & Co., manufacturing confectioners of widespread reputation, consists of C. A. Everhart, E. Rosenberger, and H. J. Kuhn. It started in Mankato in April, 1890, and soon more than doubled its business. It became evident that more floor space was



C. A. EVERHART & CO.

needed, and the factory is now located in a roomy three-story building 22 x 100 in dimensions. The basement is devoted to chocolate work, of which a great variety is made, and it has a splendid reputation throughout the West. On the ground floor are the office, stock, and shipping rooms, the stick, mixed, penny-goods, and caramel department, while the top floor is devoted to packing all kinds of sweets. This firm is noted, also, for the manufacture of gum drops, which are said to be superior to any in the market. They also make a fine line of hand-made crystal creams, glacé creams, French creams, marshmallows—in fact, anything in the candy line is made. (Continued on page 144.)

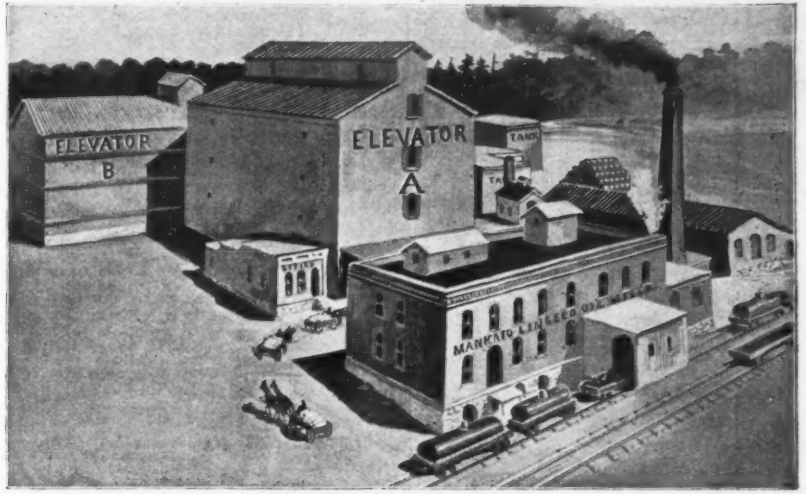


MANKATO MINERAL SPRINGS.

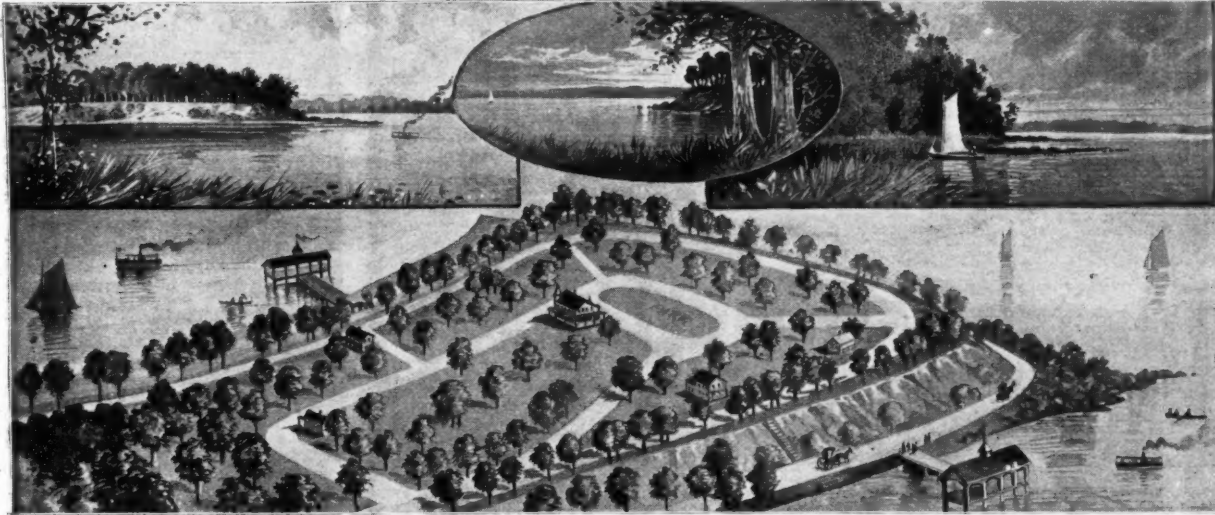
MINNESOTA.—THE CITY OF MANKATO, ITS SCHOOLS, HOSPITALS, PARKS, AND INDUSTRIES.



BLUE EARTH COUNTY COURT HOUSE.



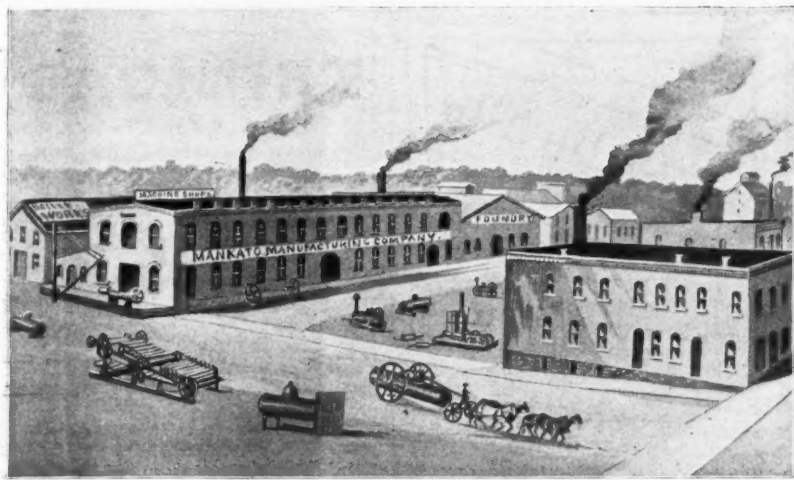
MANKATO LINSEED-OIL WORKS.



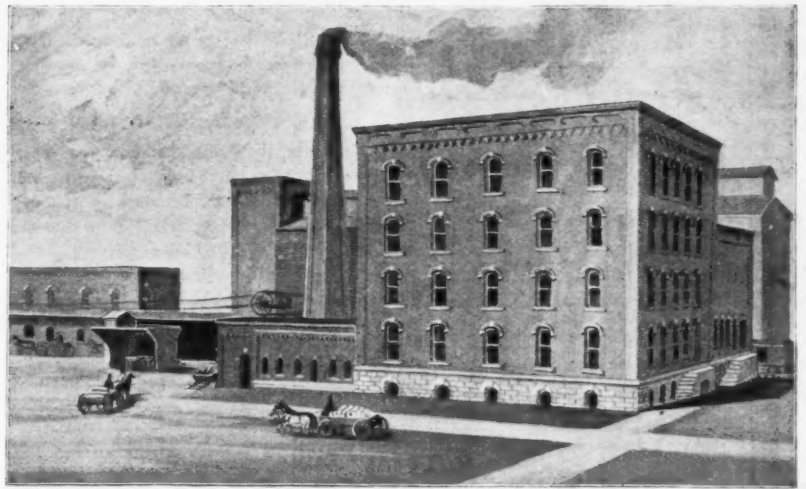
FAIR POINT, LAKE MADISON, H. P. CHRISTENSEN, PROPRIETOR.



HIGH SCHOOL.



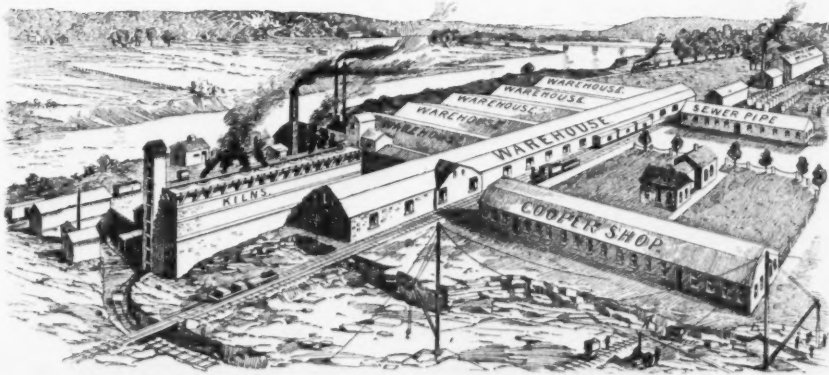
MANKATO MANUFACTURING COMPANY.



STANDARD FIBRE WARE COMPANY.



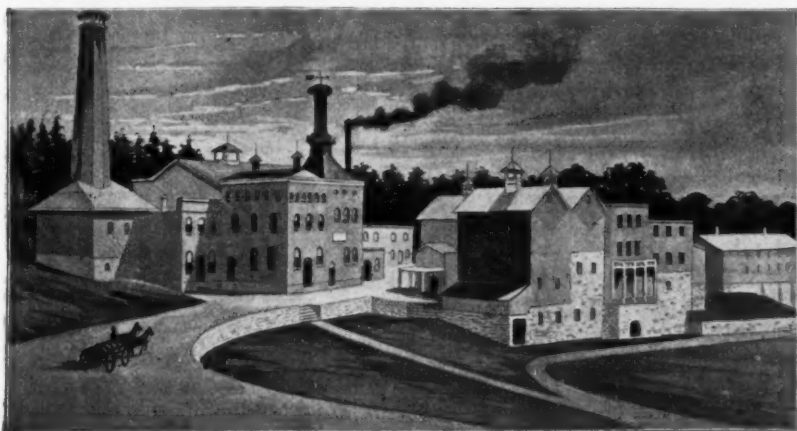
NORTHWESTERN COLLEGE OF COMMERCE.



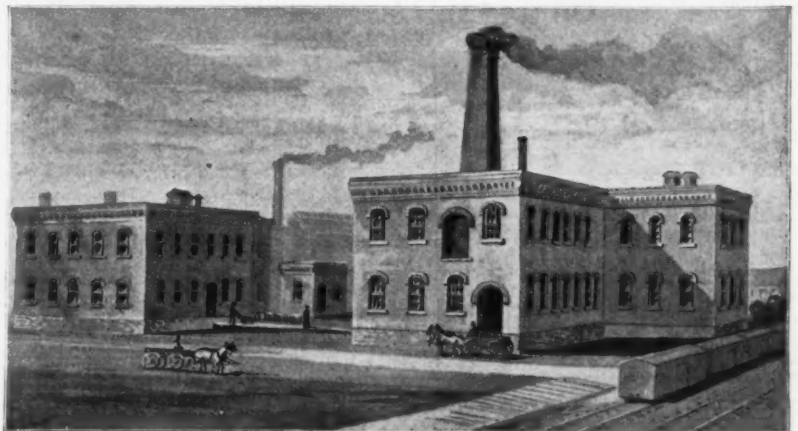
MANKATO STANDARD CEMENT WORKS.



THE TOTTLOTTE HOSPITAL.



FLOUR MILLS OF R. D. HUBBARD & COMPANY.



WILLIAM BURBAUER'S BREWERY.

VIEWS IN MANKATO, THE METROPOLIS OF SOUTHWESTERN MINNESOTA—SOME OF THE REPRESENTATIVE INDUSTRIES OF THE CITY.

So many of our public women are self-made men.—*Detroit Free Press.*

FOREIGNER—"Zay tell me you haf nearly dree hundred tousand words in your langwich. How effer can you use so many?" American (attorney-at-law)—"Iuh! We use all of 'em, my friend, every time we draw up an indictment."—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE DIFFICULTY MASTERED—Four-year-old Charlotte had been having some trouble with her English, but she has entirely passed her difficulties on one point. "I see how it is now, mamma," she said the other day. "Hens set and lay." "Yes." "And people sit and lie, don't they, mamma?"—*Washington Star.*

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These Pennsylvania Railroad personally-conducted tours to the National Capital cover so much for the extraordinary low rate of \$12.50 that traveling becomes much cheaper than remaining at home. The second one of the season will leave New York, foot of Cortlandt and Desbrosses streets, in a special fast express train, Thursday, October 1st, at 11:00 A. M., reaching Washington early that evening; returning, leave Washington 3:30 P. M. the following Saturday. The round trip rate of \$12.50 includes, in addition to railroad fare in both directions, meals en route, accommodations and board at hotels which are among the most famous in the country. The dates of the later tours of this series are October 15th, 29th, November 12th, 26th, and December 10th. Special facilities will be also afforded for seeing everything of interest in Washington under the favorable conditions assured by these tours.

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THE Queen wishes a large number of dolls dressed for its poor children's Christmas tree for 1891, and in order to interest girls and young ladies to assist in this work, they offer a prize doll competition to those who dress a doll for the purpose. This competition is open to girls under sixteen years of age residing in Canada or the United States, duplicate prizes being given for each country. The Queen furnishes the dolls, charges prepaid. They are to be dressed and returned before December 1st, 1891.

The cash prizes of each, \$50, \$25 and \$10, and many other prizes of value, will be given for the best-dressed dolls, according to merit. Send fifteen two-cent stamps and receive, charges prepaid, one full-bodied imported doll, a lithograph plate illustrating ten dressed dolls in colors, and three months' trial subscription to *The Queen*.

The Queen is Canada's popular family magazine. It is a large 48-page monthly publication, devoted to ladies and the family circle. It has more than double the circulation of any other publication in Canada. Subscription price, only \$1 a year. Address, *The Canadian Queen*, 58 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada.

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MANKATO.

(Continued from page 142.)

and finds a good sale because of its uniform excellence, fine appearance, and reasonable price. This firm, young as it is, has every reason to feel proud of the reputation it has gained, and the volume of business it does. It employs twenty hands, and the factory is so conveniently arranged that all the room is thoroughly utilized. It is a model institution.

MANKATO'S BREWERY.

The extensive brewery of Mr. Burbauer, picturesquely perched on a crag, like a Rhine castle, consists of ten large brick and stone buildings, that contain every modern appliance for the manufacture of a high grade of the finest beer. The output of this immense plant finds a ready market through the Northwest.

MANKATO MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

Among the manufacturing enterprises of the city the Mankato Manufacturing Company has grown to be one of the most important. Originally started to accommodate a local demand for foundry and machine work, it has rapidly extended its field, and is now manufacturing steam engines, boilers, flour-mill machinery, flax, tow and hemp, and stone-quarrying machinery, etc., and fully keeps pace with the demands of one of the finest and most prosperous parts of the new Northwest. The future of this company is bright with promise of success, to be achieved by supplying what its locality needs most in its line of manufacture.

AN EXCELLENT INSTITUTION.

The Northwestern College of Commerce, of Mankato, Minn., a cut of which is given herewith, is, under the able management of the principal, Arthur G. Matter, rapidly making a place for itself in the foremost ranks of the most progressive business colleges of the United States. At this model business college young men and women are received, given a thorough and practical business training, and upon graduation are placed in good, paying positions, where they have every chance to achieve for themselves a successful career in the mercantile world.

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Few towns of the size of Mankato can boast of a finer array of public buildings. It has five large school-buildings—the high school, a model in school architecture; the State Normal School, the Northwestern College of Commerce, Catholic college, and thirteen churches; the Blue Earth County court-house, built of Mankato stone, and one of the most elegant and commodious in the State. It has also an abundance of hotels, among which the Saulpaugh stands pre-eminent as containing all the most modern appliances for the comfort of its guests. The Tou-tellotte Hospital, city hall, and an opera house seating one thousand persons, also deserve notice. Many beautiful dwellings, with their green lawns, fountains, and shade-trees, make Mankato a delight to the stranger and the citizen alike. The city is abundantly supplied with the purest water by a system of artesian wells six hundred feet deep. It is lighted by gas and electricity, has street-cars and sewerage. The Board of Trade extends a helping-hand to every deserving industry, and letters of inquiry addressed to its secretary will receive prompt replies.

OF COURSE THEY WILL.

JERRY SIMPSON says that the Democrats will carry Ohio. Of course they will carry it till they get within a week or two of election day, and then they will break and run.—*Philadelphia Press.*

It was an old New England judge who once interrupted a lawyer in the midst of a spread-eagle speech by saying: "Mr. —, I wish you would take a few feathers from the wings of your imagination and put them in the tail of your judgment."

The way in which the German Emperor salutes certain great people when he visits a town gives some point to a typographical blunder in a Western paper, which recently referred to him as the "German Kisser."

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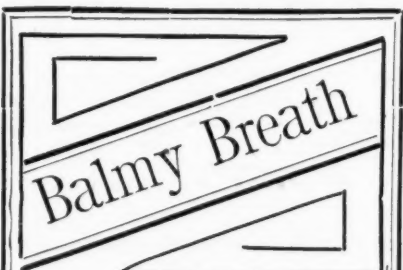
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